McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXVII SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1890. NUMBER 3

NOTICE.

The Circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Miner

I. ROGERS & SON, Proprietors.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mail via R., N. Y. & P. (Clermont Branch) arrives at [illegible] p. m. and [illegible] p. m., and leaves at [illegible] a. m., and [illegible] p. m.

Mail via B. B. & K. R. R. arrives at 10 a. m. and [illegible] p. m., and leaves at [illegible] a. m. and 3:30 p. m.

Clermont & Colegrove Mail leaves at [illegible] p. m. and arrives at 5:30 p. m.

Kasson Mail arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at [illegible] p. m., and departs at 1:30 p. m. of same days.

Mails close 30 minutes before leaving time.

Money Orders will not be issued or Letters Registered between [illegible] and [illegible] p. m.

Office open every Sunday for delivery of mail from [illegible] to [illegible] p. m.

CLARK WILSON, P. M.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. P. ROGERS, W. M.
G. M. SMITH, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock in Backus Hall.
A. R. CORY, N. G.
A. W. SCANAHAN, Sec'y.

Smethport Encampment, No. 273, I. O. O. F.

Meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in Backus Hall.
J. A. MORRISON, Chief Patriarch.
N. M. CHRISTIE, Scribe.

G. A. R.

Post 317, G. A. R. meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
S. G. Bean, Com.
A. L. [illegible], Adjutant.

W. R. C.

Meets every Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
Miss LENA WRIGHT, Pres.
——, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets every second, third and fourth Tuesday evening of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
CARL SASSE, M. W.
SHERIDAN GORTON, Recorder.

E. A. U.

Meets on first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.
L. ROGERS, President.
W. H. KNIGHT, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.

Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in Backus Block.
J. B. REYNOLDS, Com.
M. H. CHURCH, R. K.

C. M. B. A.

Smethport Branch 81, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at C. M. B. A. hall, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES McKEAN, Pres't.
P. W. O'[illegible], Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.

Meets every alternate Wednesday afternoon, at 3 p. m., in their hall, Backus Block.
Mrs. D. L. [illegible], Pres't.
Mrs. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

Knights of St. Martin and the Iron Cross.

Meetings in Backus Hall on first and third Wednesdays in the month at 7 p. m.
[illegible] WALKER, S. K. C.
[illegible] GALLUP, Scribe.
Rev. J. H. Mc[illegible], Warden.

Churches.

Methodist—T. W. CHANDLER, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath School immediately after morning services. Class Meeting at 9:30 a. m. Sunday. Prayer Meetings on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. S. S. Teacher's meetings Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. Class Meetings on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. W. H. [illegible], pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Covenant meetings Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m. All are welcome.

Episcopal—J. [illegible] McCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at [illegible] a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. [illegible] McCandless, Rector. Divine service every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School 2 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—J. J. GALLAGHER, pastor. Mass at [illegible] a. m. Service at [illegible] a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Colegrove church—J. G. Hann, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30; Sabbath school at 11:30 a. m.; preaching every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, and class meeting at close of evening service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Clermont church—J. G. Hann, pastor. Preaching at 2:30 p. m.; class meeting after service; Sunday school at 1:30 p. m.

MASON'S SUPPLIES!

Fresh Lime, Plaster, Cement,

Plastering Hair, Tile of all kinds, Fire and Clay Brick, kept constantly on hand and for sale by

A. REILLY,

SMETHPORT, PA.

March 15, 1889—1y.

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDVIENT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber Shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING

in the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

☞ BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

P D HOPKINS

Successor to C. L. Douglass,

Corner Mill and Mechanic Streets,

SMETHPORT PA.

—Dealer in—

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

Which I am prepared to sell very cheap for cash.

NOTICE - TO - BUILDERS!

FIRST-CLASS QUARRY STONE

For Cellars at $1 per perch of 16½ feet, masons measurement, delivered. Also fine stone for Water Tables, Window Sills, and general Trimmings for Brick Buildings.

S. A. BACKUS.

Smethport, Pa., Aug. 27, 1889.

S. S. WOODBURY,

BRADFORD, PA.,

Successor to

Bartholomay's Rochester Beer — CONSOLIDATED BOTTLING CO. — Delivered Prepaid

in Smethport, Kane, Olean and intermediate towns at $1.25 single case of 2 doz., or $1.10 per case for two or more. Pay money to Express Agents, with instructions to purchase as above, and goods will arrive by return train.

RUPTURE cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, [illegible] Arch St., Phila., Pa. [illegible]

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article. A Boston lady who knew what she wanted, and whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

To Get

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other.

Hood's

When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable, suffering a great deal with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I looked, and had for some time, like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. Ella A. Goff, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

JOHN N. APPLE, Notary Public. J. W. BOUTON.

Apple & Bouton.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on first floor of Henry Hamlin's bank building, Main St., Smethport, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Examination and abstracts of land titles, Orphans' Court practice, and collections specialties.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office: Pompelon Hall, Bradford, Pa.

Geo. A. Berry.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Rooms 5 and 6½ Berry & Melvin Block, Bradford, Pa.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the late [illegible] Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Robert H. Rose.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR. Office over H. Hamlin's Banking office, Smethport, Pa.

Sheridan Gorton.

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Backus Block, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Chautauqua House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

P. Ford.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office: Miner Block, Church Street, Smethport, Pa.

M. McSWEENEY. M. M. BYLES.

McSweeney & Byles.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. Room: Producer's Exchange, Bradford, Pa.

EUGENE MULLIN. T. F. MULLIN.

Mullin & Mullin.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 15 Main Street Bradford, Pa.

James C. Boyce.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND COUNSELOR IN PATENT CAUSES. Office: Room 2, Cor. Main and Webster streets, Bradford, McKean County, Pa.

H. H. Mayo.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Gleason Block, Smethport, Pa.

P. H. Colter.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Eldred, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

Physicians.

M. L. Wells, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office at the Drug Store of H. C. Wells, Smethport, Pa.

H. L. McCoy.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in E. B. McCoy's drug store, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

S. D. Freeman.

SURGEON, Obstetrician and Consulting physician and surgeon. Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m., Smethport, Pa.

Dr. [illegible] Chadwick.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Prompt attention given to calls day or night. Office: One door east of W. T. [illegible]'s drug store. [illegible]

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,

Main Street, Smethport, Penn'a, B. F. Wright, Proprietor.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Grand Central Hotel,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa. F. H. Taylor, Proprietor.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COLEMAN HOUSE,

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Opposite the B., N. Y. & P. Railroad Depot.

On the European Plan.

Newly painted and refurnished. First-class Restaurant in connection with the House. Terms reasonable.

Dec. 17, 1889.

BUCKTAIL HOTEL

Kane, Pa. E. E. Locke, Proprietor.

Remodeled and refurnished, and one of the best hotels in McKean County.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,

TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,

KANE, — — PA.

This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.

☞ First-class accommodations for the traveling public.

JOHN FLEMING, Proprietor.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PA.

New House. New Furniture. Everything about the premises neat and clean. Table supplied with the best in the market. Patronage of the public solicited.

F. CHALMERS, Proprietor.

Dec 1, 1889—1y.

MRS. -:- J. -:- DUFFY,

Bakery & Restaurant,

MT. JEWETT, PA.

Dec. 28, 1889—1y.

Thomas Tyler's Tombstone.

By MARY S. WALKER.

"Is it quite safe, sir, do you think?" she inquired timidly as the wagon jolted down the hill.

"I should say it was, marm, unless there's chiney or glass or some such brittle thing inside of it."

"Oh, sir, it's a deal more precious than that. It's a stone, sir—a tombstone. I have brought it all the way from Simsbury to put over my husband's grave."

"Do tell!" said Samuel Dale.

His sympathizing tone rendered her communicative.

"Yes, sir; he died out here in a strange country, away from all his folks, and when I got word of it, it went nigh to break my heart to think there wasn't so much as a board to mark the spot where he was lying." She stopped to wipe away a few tears.

"Oh come, now," said the young man, "don't you feel bad about it. There's mighty kind hearted folks in these parts, 'specially 'mong the women kind. I'll warrant your man had good care, and didn't want for nothing."

"But you see, sir, he died of a lingering disease, the letter said, and the nursing and the medicine and the doctors' bills took all his earnings, and the town had to bury him. And I sold 'most everything I had, and Simsbury folks they helped me, and at last I got money enough together to buy him a tombstone, and I have fetched it myself. There was nothing to hinder, for I put my last little boy in the ground—there's three of 'em, sir, lying side by side in Simsbury grave yard—two weeks before I got the letter. It's been a dreadful hard journey, sir, and I never was six miles from home in my life before; but if I can hear about my poor man's last sickness, and the messages he left for me, and see that stone put up over his grave decent like, I'll go home contented."

"Well, so you shall," said kind hearted Samuel Dale.

"If you belong in these parts, sir, perhaps you know Mr. Barclay—Mr. Peter Barclay?"

"Is it there you want to go?"

"Why, yes, sir; 'twas he wrote me the letter. My poor man died at his house. You didn't happen to hear about it, sir?"

"I reckon you've made a mistake in the name," said Samuel Dale.

With trembling, eager haste she drew a letter from her pocket. It was soiled and worn at the edges by many readings. Samuel Dale stopped his horse in the middle of the road, and his eyes dilated with astonishment as he opened the letter and recognized Farmer Barclay's handwriting. It read as follows:

"BARCLAY FARM, August 12.

"TO MRS. NANCY TYLER:

"RESPECTED MADAM—This is to inform you that your late husband, Mr. Thomas Tyler, departed this life at my house the ninth day of the present month, of a lingering disease. He bore his sufferings with Christian meekness, and died at peace with all mankind. When near his last hour he desired me to write you this letter.

"Your obedient servant,
"PETER BARCLAY.

"N. B. The expenses of his sickness having used all his earnings, he was buried from my house at the expense of the town."

The young man read this document with a puzzled face. He examined the postmark and the signature. Then, as he perused it a second time, the paper shook in his hand.

The woman's anxious eyes never left his face.

"I hope it's all right, sir. I haven't made any mistake, have I?"

He turned to her in a strange, excited way.

"You are, Mrs. Thomas Tyler?" he said.

"Yes, sir, I was a Billings when I was a girl—Nancy Billings. My mother was"——

"Can you prove it?" he interrupted. "Woman, were you certainly married to that man?"

"Oh, my good gracious!" she said, "what does he mean? I am a poor lone woman, sir. If my husband was alive, you wouldn't dare to insult me so. Married, indeed! You ask Simsbury folks, where I've lived all my life, and where my three children was born and lie buried, sir, and where I kept my Thomas like a gentleman till the money I earned in the paper mill was used up. You ask Elder Bird; he married us six years ago this coming month. And I'm a lone widow, sir, that's come to pay my last respects to my poor man's memory; and now you want to make out I'm not his honest wife, and so keep me from putting a stone over his poor grave."

"Be quiet, woman. There! stop your whining. Nobody wants to hinder you, and if it's a true story you've told, here's a man will help you plant that stone with a good will. Now don't get excited again, but give me a straightforward answer to my question. There's more depends on it than your think. I ask you if you can prove by other means than your own word that you are Thomas Tyler's lawful wife?"

"Why, there's the certificate, sir, that Elder Bird gave me, and I had it put in a gilt frame, and hung it up in the keeping room till we broke up, and Thomas came West to get work, and was going to send for me and the child, only he took sick and died, and"——

"Where is that certificate, Mrs. Tyler?"

"Why, law, sir! how you do fluster a body with your questions! It's in the trunk right at your feet. I fetched it along, 'cause I like to look at it, and it makes me think of the day I was married to my Thomas."

"Then we are all right. You did a good thing, marm, when you brought that document," said Samuel Dale. "Now, Mrs. Tyler, I am going to help you through with this matter. All you've got to do is to mind orders. I feel a deep interest in it, for I worked alongside of your man last summer, and I'm bound to see that he has justice done him."

"I want to know! Dear! dear! Why didn't you say so before, sir? And I misdoubting you all the while! I humbly ask your pardon, sir. And so you've known him all along? Only to think of it! Then maybe you can tell me what carried him off. You see the letter don't give any particulars. How did the disease take him, sir?"

There was a curious expression upon the young man's face, but he answered her gravely:

"He was hard sick with it, marm, when I first knew him."

"Not dangerous, sir?"

"Well, yes; I called him dangerous the first time I set eyes on him."

"I want to know! The poor dear! And yet he worked all summer, you say? I s'pose he kind o' pined away gradual. It was an inward disease, wasn't it?"

"Clear into the heart, marm, and worked outward."

"Lord a massy! Did he have heart disease? Jerushy Ann Ellis's, that was Aunt Martha's second cousin's child, she had it awful. They said she used to have tremblin's and flutterin's and a clay cold, corpsey feeling the heft of the time. And she grew weaker and weaker, and her heart kind o' melted away inside of her. Did my poor man have any of them symptoms?"

"Well, no, it worked just the other way with him. As near as I could judge from appearances, marm, the heart inside of your husband got to be as hard as a nether millstone."

"Poor man! How it must have hurt! Couldn't the doctors do nothing to help him?"

"Mrs. Tyler," said Samuel Dale, solemnly, "I've heard tell it was easier for a black man to change his skin, and a wildcat her spots, than for a fellow to get cured of that disease. And your man had it hard. If a way could have been found to take the old heart out of him, and put a new one in, it might have done the business; but the doctors in these parts ain't up to such tricks."

"Did he die easy?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"There, don't you ask any more questions, Mrs. Tyler, and keep cool now. You'll need all the pluck you've got, shortly. Do you see that square house, with tall chimneys, at the top of the hill? That's Peter Barclay's. They are looking for me, but not you."

He drew a huge silver watch from his pocket.

"It is time we were there," he said; and to his companion's great discomfort, and the imminent peril of the precious freight they carried, he urged the old white horse to a gallop.

Up the hill they went at a furious pace. The rapid motion was a relief to Samuel Dale in his excited state of mind. Perhaps he had restrained himself to the utmost limit, for after a glance at the box containing Mrs. Nancy Tyler's testimony to departed worth, and at that estimable woman in her widow's weeds at his side, he no longer refrained from giving outward expression to his satisfaction.

He shouted to his horse and plied the whip without mercy. He whistled and sang, and brought his broad hand down, first upon one knee, and then the other, with a resounding blow. A neighbor called to him halfway up the hill.

"I can't stop," said Samuel Dale. "I'm going to a funeral, and there'll be no fun till I get there."

Then he laughed long and loudly at his unseemly jest. A small boy cleared the road to let him pass, and ran in to his mother.

"Sam Dale has been gittin' awful drunk down to the Corners, mother," he reported. "He's laughin' and singin', and drivin' old White like mad. He's got a woman with him, and her bonnet's most off, and her hair flyin', and she holdin' on to the seat with both hands."

He drew rein at Farmer Barclay's front gate with a suddenness that nearly pitched Mrs. Tyler out of the wagon.

"Go into the house without knocking," he said, "and wait in the entry till I call you. It won't be long."

He drove his horse into the yard as one of the wedding guests came from the stable.

"Take hold here, Seth Wilson," he cried. "There's a precious bit of stone work in that box that wants to be handled careful. It's going to see daylight, too, in just half a minute."

He was running for a screw driver and a hammer when Susie Barclay, in her wedding dress, with white flowers in her hair, came to meet him.

"Oh, Samuel, has it come? Have you brought the wedding loaf?"

"I have brought it," he said, "but, Susie Barclay, your cake is dough."

He could not wait to open the box in a regular way, but when a few screws were loosened by the strength of his good right arm he burst the cover, and with a great noise of splitting wood the slab of white marble was brought to view.

At the sight Samuel Dale's excitement reached its height. Brandishing a piece of the cover over his head he danced around the open box, and to his companion's amazement and horror cut a pigeon wing over the sacred relic it contained.

"Here's a sight for a man on his wedding day!" he cried. "Oh, glory, hallelujah! come, up with it! Don't stand there, Seth Wilson, like a stuck pig. Now, then, move on. Forward, march! to the tune,

'Come, haste to the wedding.'"

V.

Nancy Tyler, following her conductor's directions, opened the door softly, and seated herself unobserved in the farthest corner of the dark hall. From the open door of the parlor came a confused sound of voices, and she heard the patter of footsteps overhead.

"Dear! dear! I have come at a wrong time," she thought, "for they have a house full of company."

Then there was a rustle of silk, and a pretty girl, with a wreath of white flowers on her head, came tripping down stairs. She paused at the foot—a door opened, and a smartly dressed man, with black eyes and crisp, curly hair, came forward, and giving her his arm the two entered the parlor.

A scream shrill and piercing resounded through the house, and Nancy Tyler, in her black garments, her widow's veil streaming behind her as she ran, rushed after them and threw herself into the man's arms.

"Oh, Thomas! Oh, my dear, dear husband! they told me you was dead!"

The change in his face from smiling self complacency to astonishment and deathly pallor was a sight to behold. He struggled to release himself, and pushed her rudely from him, but seemed for a moment to have lost the power of speech.

"Thomas! Thomas! don't you know me?" she cried in pitiful tones. "It's your own Nancy—your loving wife—come all the way from Simsbury to find you."

Upon this he found his tongue. "What do you mean, woman?" he cried, angrily. "You are no wife of mine. It's a trick, good people—a rascally trick. She's some crazy wretch escaped from the asylum. I tell you she's stark mad. Susie, you are not going to believe her? As sure as I am a living man, I never set eyes on the woman before today."

"Swear stronger, Tom Tyler," said a mocking voice, "for we've got your tombstone and your widow to prove you stone dead."

The man turned his fierce eyes, to see his rival standing composedly before him, supporting with one hand a slab of marble, upon which was inscribed in characters large enough to be read half across the room:

"IN MEMORY
OF
THOMAS TYLER,
who departed this life Aug. 9, 18—."

Even Samuel Dale was satisfied with the horror and abject fear pictured in his face at this unexpected sight.

"In God's name, Sammy, what does this mean?" said Farmer Barclay.

The young man rested his burden against the table, and took Nancy Tyler's letter from his pocket.

"Read that, Father Barclay," he said. "Be patient, neighbors. We'll have this matter straightened out in a moment. Susie, poor girl! it comes hard on you now, but you'll thank me by and by."

With a great effort, Thomas Tyler recovered his self assurance.

"Good people," said he, "don't believe a word he says. It's a vile conspiracy he's concocted to rob me of my good name. Everybody knows he wanted to marry the girl himself, and"——

"Shut up!" said Samuel Dale. "Dead folks don't talk; and if ever a man was dead and damned above ground, it's you, Tom Tyler."

Meanwhile, Farmer Barclay was reading the letter.

"Why, what's this?" he said. "'Died at my house—lingering disease—buried by the town;' and if here ain't my name to it. Sammy, Sammy, what does it mean?"

"It means just this, sir. The villain that's been courting your daughter all summer left an honest wife and three children, counting the living and dead, back in Connecticut; and because he couldn't well marry the new wife till he disposed of himself to the old, he writes to her that he's dead and buried; and with his devil's wit takes your handwriting, that if she shows the letter it may seem the genuine thing. But see now how this precious rascal overreaches himself; for when he thought, by calling himself a pauper, to keep the wife from ever following him up, he set on her soft woman's heart to the errand that's brought about his own destruction; and he dug his own grave and carved his own tombstone when he wrote that letter."

Farmer Barclay's face was purple with rage. "The scoundrel!" he cried—"the black, dastardly, double faced, underhanded—— Why, where is he?"

Where, indeed? Thomas Tyler had suddenly disappeared. Whether he had slunk behind the crowd of guests gathered close about the speaker, and thus gained the door, or had softly opened a window and escaped in that way, no one could tell; but he was certainly gone.

The farmer, in his righteous indignation, would have followed him, but his attention was diverted by the discovery of a heap of black garments in the corner, and the chief sufferer in the semi-comic tragedy just enacted, poor Nancy Tyler, was raised from the floor in a dead faint, and borne into the adjoining bedroom.

The girl whose place she had so strangely taken that morning bent over her, and with gentle hands removed the black bonnet and put back the thin, scattered hair, and forgot her own disappointment and mortification in pity for the other's anguish; for when Nancy Tyler came out of her swoon, it was to wring her hands and cry out in distracted tones:

"He wouldn't own me for his wife! My Thomas wouldn't own me for his wife!"

"Sho! sho! now! you poor creatur," said the farmer, trying to administer comfort: "he couldn't have been much of a husband, anyhow; but it is hard you should have the burying of him twice over."

He called to his daughter presently from the next room.

"Sue Barclay," said he, "there's goin' to be a weddin' here today. Do you think I'll have all these folks invited, and that silk gown to pay for, and them good victuals cooked up, for nothin? Come, you've had your choice of a husband, and a pretty mess you've made of it. Now, I'll have mine. You know who I picked out for you long ago, and you liked him well enough till that smooth tongued hypocrite turned your silly head. Sammy, my boy, step up here; don't be bashful. Just clear that corner, good folks. Parson, you sha'n't be cheated of your fee this time. If Sammy hasn't the tin, I'll fork over myself. Come, Sue, are you ready?"

The girl went pale and red while the old man was speaking. She glanced shyly from under her long lashes at the only lover left her, now that her idol had turned to the basest clay. Her heart, only half weaned in these few months (for the wily stranger had won her through her vanity, and not by any well grounded esteem), returned at a bound to its old allegiance.

She crossed the room to where the young man stood abashed, and looking in his face as only Susie Barclay could look, said very sweetly:

"Will you take me, Samuel?"

"Will you take me, Samuel?"

"Take you!" said Samuel Dale, and testified his readiness by actions instead of words.

"Sho! sho! Sammy," said the farmer, "that'll do. There! don't smother the girl. Now, Parson Bates, we'll be obleeged to you to tie that knot."

VI.

For many weeks Nancy Tyler lay ill at Farmer Barclay's house, and in her fever and delirium the wild fancies of the sick woman's brain were all more or less connected with her ill fated journey and the relic she had brought.

In answer to her pathetic appeals the stone was placed in her chamber, and in imagination she traversed again and again in its company the weary distance between Simsbury and the farm house where she was lying. Now she was in the stonecutter's shop, consulting about the form and fashion of the monument, and bargaining for its lowest price in dollars and cents. She found comfort for hours in repeating the inscription, and the ill matched rhyme of the epitaph gained marvelous pathos when uttered in those plaintive tones. But sometimes she cried out that the stone had fallen on her breast, and with its weight her heart was quite broken. She crept back to life at last, but her physical vigor never returned, and her mind, at its best estate none of the strongest, was weakened and diseased.

They were very good to her at Farmer Barclay's. Samuel Dale remembered that he had gained his present happiness by the blow that made this poor woman doubly a widow, and the young wife was grateful to her who by her timely coming rescued her from a fate she could not contemplate without a shudder. Farmer Barclay expressed his good feeling by his favorite ejaculation, and more than once turned from her bedside with a tear in his honest eye.

"You take care of that poor creetur', children, as long as she lives," he said. "Don't you never send her back to Simsbury. Give her enough to do 'round the house, Susie, to keep her mind easy, and a warm place in your chimney corner. She'll have a gloomy time of it, poor soul! stumbling 'round among tombstones till she's at rest under one herself."

So the farmhouse became Nancy Tyler's home, and she lived her quiet, melancholy life, docile and harmless, never wild in her derangement: only, as the country people called it, "queer." The stone remained in her chamber, for it was a fancy of her bewildered brain that it was still in her charge, and day and night she was painfully responsible for its safe keeping.

And spring and summer and winter came and went again, and they were very busy at the farm.

Nancy came to Mrs. Dale one evening with a frightened face.

"If you please, marm, I can't skim the milk to-night," she said.

"Why not, Nancy?"

"There's a man keeps looking at me through the window, marm."

Susie took the candle from her trembling hand and went into the pantry. She pressed her face close to the glass—then raised the window and peered out into the darkness, but could see nothing. She smiled at Nancy's foolish fears, finished the relinquished task, and returned to the kitchen.

"I don't see anything of your man, Nancy," she said. "What did he look like?"

"He looked like a robber, marm."

"Law, Nancy! we don't have robbers at the farm. Such a thing was never heard of. It was your fancy. And now you may go to bed. You are tired, I know, with your day's work."

Nancy hesitated. "Could the things be moved back into my room, marm?" she asked.

"Why, no, Nancy; I don't see how they can. You can get along for one night, can't you?—we expect to get along 'most anyhow in house cleaning time."

"I don't mind anything about the rest, Miss Dale, but it is outside."

"Oh, the stone! Well, Nancy, it is too heavy for you or me to lift, but when Samuel comes home I'll ask him to step up and set it inside your door. Will that do? Now go right to bed and to sleep."

She lit her candle, and climbed the stairs to her room over the kitchen. The space at the top was crowded with tables and chests and other articles belonging to the upper regions of the house, for Mrs. Dale was in the midst of a thorough cleaning. Leaning against a bureau close to the head of the stairs stood Nancy's precious charge. She stopped to pass her hand over its polished surface, murmuring some half articulate words in her broken voice—then passed into her chamber.

Half an hour later, when Samuel Dale returned from the postoffice, he had an exciting story to tell. The depot at Lester's Corners was robbed the night before, and the thief had been tracked half way to Barclay Farm.

"So look out for your silver spoons, Susie," said her husband, "for the light fingered gentry are among us."

Then she told of Nancy's fright, and in her eagerness to see that every door was fastened and the house made secure for the night, quite forgot her promise to the poor woman up stairs.

Nancy lay waiting a long time, and when she slept at last it was a disturbed and broken sleep, from which she was suddenly wakened by the sound of a stealthy step on the stairs. She felt rather than heard it approaching slowly, cautiously, well nigh noiselessly. She rose in her bed, holding her breath to listen. Was it Mr. Dale coming to fulfil his wife's promise? Was it—oh horror! could it be—the man whose face had frightened her at the window? And if he came to rob the house, what did it contain half so valuable as the precious charge to which she had that night for the first time proved faithless?

It must have been some such train of thought that passed through Nancy Tyler's mind, and that caused the timid, weak headed woman, who under ordinary circumstances would hardly have ventured to face a mouse, to rush to the rescue of her treasure. She sprang from her bed and crossed the room at a bound, and, throwing open her door, stood face to face with a man holding a dark lantern in his hand. In surprise at her sudden appearance he made a backward step, lost his footing and caught at the nearest support. It was the tombstone. It shook—it tottered—it fell, and man and marble crashed down the stairs together with a sound to wake the dead. A moment's stillness succeeded the uproar, followed by the sound of voices and footsteps, and a group of frightened faces appeared in the doorway.

The stairs were strewn with fragments of the broken stone, and at the bottom lay the motionless body of a man. He grasped in one hand Farmer Barclay's well-filled wallet, and Susie Dale's wedding spoons protruded from his pocket. There was blood everywhere. The stairs, the walls and pieces of marble were sprinkled with it, and where the man's head lay was a pool that every instant increased in size. He was quite dead, and they saw by a ghastly wound upon his head that a sharp corner of the stone had cloven his scull.

When Samuel Dale turned the dead man's face to the light, he uttered an exclamation of horror, for Thomas Tyler's black eyes stared blindly in his own, and his lips, parting, showed the white teeth grinning in a ghastly smile.

They bore away the body, and left a woman on the bloodstained stair groping with feeble, moaning cries for the fragments of Thomas Tyler's tombstone.

THE END.

Electric Wires and Insurance.

The statement is frequently made that the proximity of electric light wires to mercantile business places prejudices the insurance. Now, the man who says that isn't posted on insurance matters. The fact is I have insured several electric light plants at a less rate than I was required to charge for some stocks of goods. Only eight alarms of fire were caused in St. Louis last year by electric currents, and several of these alarms resulted from the close proximity of the source of trouble to fire engine houses from which people summoned the apparatus to protect adjacent property. I will not charge an extra rate on account of the use of electric lights in any building if the wires are properly insulated, but rather a lower rate.—An Insurance Agent in The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle *Free* to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c. and $1.

THE FORGER'S BRIDE.

By ROSE TERRY.

A VERY soft April day, now and then chilled by the wind off snow drifts that spotted the hills even after a rainy morning, was about half over as Sally Tyler came up from the village street to the red house where she lived. She was extremely pretty; her features delicate and straight, her dark eyes sweet, her blue black hair glossy; and now a little wild rose bloom on her cheek and a deeper crimson than usual on her lips made her look like a flower with a white hood on.

She was evidently much engrossed by some new thought or plan, for she did not stoop to pat the old yellow dog who raised himself on his fore legs and slobbered a welcome as he lay in the sunshine; nor did she notice the threatening scream of a hen hawk that circled high in air above her tiny brood of early chickens; or even look at the golden crocus that had sprung from the black mold of her posy bed, a cup of sudden sunlight since last night; but took her way round to the back door, for nobody in New England country villages uses the front door, except for weddings and funerals. Many a house have I seen whose entire front half, with its darkened and musty parlors, and its "spare chambers" smelling of ill dried feathers, fennel and green mold, might have been sliced away and carried off, nowise to the detriment, and perhaps even without the knowledge of the inhabitants behind.

So Sally followed the worn foot track, past scraggy lilacs and sprawling cinnamon rose bushes, round the house, and went in to the door of the back kitchen, where at the sink her mother stood chopping some cold potatoes. Sally was an only child, but her mother was so haunted by the one fear of spoiling her that she sometimes went too far the other way. The poor little girl was "tutored," as she said, till she was weary and aching—aching for a little of the deep, real love that lay hidden away in her mother's heart, very much as the best parlor and bedroom were shut up; there, no doubt, but useless and unseen. Today, as usual, the first words were reproof:

"I told you there was too many pertaters biled yesterday, Sally, 'n now I've got to chop 'em for dinner, and chopped pertater ain't real good 'long o' salt beef; you'd ought to be more considerin'. Suppposin' you was to git married, and hev to see to the work yourself, I guess your husband 'd come to woeful want pretty surprisin' quick."

Sally sighed a little but said nothing. She had learned how to hold her tongue at least—perhaps a better preparation for marriage than the economizing of potatoes. Nor did she blush at her mother's illustration of her discourse, for in Wingfield there was nobody who could be called a beau for her; all the well to do farmers' sons had emigrated from its barren hillsides, and the hired men were more often Irish than any other, or, if Yankees, of the very lowest class.

She waited a minute till the noise of the chopping knife ceased and the potatoes were turned into the spider, and then said, shyly:

"Mother, I went to the postoffice after I'd carried the eggs, and I got a letter from Cousin Jerushy."

"Do tell!" said Mrs. Tyler, for a moment holding the big iron spoon suspended from her hand. "Why, we hain't heerd from Jerushy quite a spell. How is all her folks?"

"They're all well, she says; only Grandmother Dyke has had a long spell of rheumatiz. They've got a bigger tenement now, and Jerushy wants me to come and stay with her for a while."

Mrs. Tyler stirred the potatoes so vigorously that Sally hardly dared to venture farther, but she did whisper, half audibly:

"Can I go, mother?"

Mrs. Tyler was what the transcendentalists call "antagonistic," and her neighbors "dreadful arbitrary;" her first impulse was to contradict every assertion and refuse every request. Of course convenience and policy, and various other motives, better or worse, obliged her to come round to assertions and requests full half the time, but it was a weary and delayed victory that the opposite side gained—one of those conquests almost as undesirable as a defeat. Her husband, with a shrewdness men do not often arrive at in dealing with this most uncommon type of women, always took care to say and ask nothing important if it could be helped, or otherwise to offer her the exact converse of his wishes. True, like all maneuvers, this sometimes worked its own defeat, from her habit of giving in at last; and then the squire shook his grizzled head and muttered to himself, winding up with a whistled psalm tune, generally his best expression of doubt or consternation.

But today Mrs. Tyler was somewhat softened by Sally's shy look and tone, though of course she put out a sharp negative at first:

"No, you can't. I don't see how you can think on't; jest layin' time, 'n all them hens to look after, 'n set, 'n feed; 'n two calves in the barn. Well, I s'pose I might see to them things myself" (she always would); "but he won't hear to't, I know. I don't know but what I'd like to have ye go to see Jerushy; she's a smart woman, and a pretty a woman as ever I see." (Mrs. Jerusha Phelps had about as much beauty as a chimpanzee, but "pretty" means only pleasant and well mannered in our vernacular.) "I guess you might go ef you had two new gowns. You hain't got really nothing fit to stay a spell, and I expect he won't want to give you no money. Well, it's nigh about dinner time, and you might step out to the barn and call him—it'll save me a blowin' the horn—and you can settle it, maybe, 'fore you come in. I don't want to have to jaw to the table; I like to eat and be done with it."

In her secret heart Mrs. Tyler knew that she didn't want to come into collision with the squire if he assented, or to give up her reluctant willingness to fight it out strenuously if he said no; but as Sally replaced her hood and shawl and opened the outer door, her mother called after her:

"Don't forget to tell him you've got to be fixed off to go, child. I expect he'll growl some, but the terbacker did real well last year, and he's a packin' on't now."

There was a world of policy in this last remark, quite lost on simple Sally; so she trudged out to the big barn on the hill-side, and, stepping in at the little side door, threaded her way over milking stools, pitchforks, wisps of hay, and all the nameless litter of an ill kept barn, to the wide hay floor, where her father and Peter, the hired Irishman, sat packing tobacco. Squire Tyler was a good specimen of an elderly Yankee farmer; his fine head was covered with iron gray hair, curling all over it in spite of him; his face was wrinkled, but sagacious and kindly, while all the shrewdness ascribed to his race twinkled in the deep set eyes, half lost under their big, shaggy brows. He was a quaint old creature, as far as his domestic life went, but nobody made more acute bargains than he, or understood better how to take the top wave of fluctuating prices and come off with flying colors just before his delaying neighbors lost all their ventures. He loved Sally better than anything else, and his Devon cows next; his wife came somewhere lower down in the scale, it is true, but that was her own fault; twenty years of persistent nagging and contradicting will somewhat stunt the growth even of a real affection, and whatever of love still lingered in this matrimonial tie had its balance altogether on the wife's side. Now, as he looked up and saw Sally leaning against the door, her white hood fallen off, and her face glowing with her walk and her errand, all his wrinkles and puckers vanished into a smile of welcome, and the sharp eyes softened at once.

"Hullo, Sally!" shouted he, "what be you after?"

"Oh, father, please! I had a letter from Cousin Jerushy"— Here she stopped a minute to take breath.

"Well, that ain't no great thing to hev, is it? I thought mother was kind o' down on Jerushy, or you was, or somethin' or 'nother."

"Oh, not me! And, father, she wants me to come to Westboro and see her a spell; and say, father, can't I go?"

Sally gave these last words in the true coaxing whine, and the squire looked up and laughed.

"You hain't set your mind on't none, hev you, Sal?"

"I kind o' have, father."

"What does mother say to 't, eh?"

"Well, she said I couldn't, an' then she said maybe I could if I had some new things, but I can't go unless I do."

The squire was purse bearer evidently, and he began to tease Sally a bit. "Well, there's more'n four new things around here 't you can hev if you won't spile 'm; there's a new halter in that stall, and a new corn basket; 'n I've got a fire new ax to the house, 'f that'll help ye any"——

"Why, father! 'taint those kind of things I want; it's new gowns and a hat, and"——

"What'n thunder do you want a hat for? Can't you wear a decent bunnet, 'n not put a tin pan with streamers a-top of your head, like them darned fools of Ruckers?"

"Why I don't mean such a hat as that; I mean a big one to keep the sun out of my eyes. I've just got a new bunnet."

"Sun won't hurt your eyes none—they ain't everlastin' bright, anyway—but I guess you can hev 'things,' as you call 'em, 'nough to go to Westboro. An' seein' you can't get 'em without money, why I expect I'll hev to give ye some. I'm a dreadful near old critter or'narily, ye know, but this here terbacker crop has kinder drawed out my heart, 'n I won't grudge you some on't."

With which speech the squire unlatched his pocketbook and fingered out from its capacious depths dirty bills to the amount of twenty dollars, which he handed to Sally, now drawn near enough to look over his shoulder; and was himself more astonished in his turn than she by the hearty hug she gave him.

"Good land! what's that for, you young critter? Hain't been hugged so this forty year. Had to pay for't, though, didn't I? Well! well! go 'long, gal, when you git ready, and hev a first rate time; but don't you go to fetchin' any o' them young fellers out of the iron works home arter ye. I don't believe in luggin' a gal through teethin', 'n meazles, 'n all sorts o' knotholes, 'n hevin' the first sassy chap 't comes along go 'n and take her off, 'fore you've had a speck of comfort out on her."

Luckily the horn blew at this moment both loud and long—irate signal of a domestic tempest brewing in the house—and drove her father's caution quite out of Sally's head—innocent little head that had not even remembered before that there were iron works or workers in Westboro, much less young men.

"Whew!" involuntarily sputtered the squire as "the sound of that dread horn" fell upon his preternaturally sensitive ear.

Sally ran faster than his walk, but she stopped to wait for him behind the great water butt, and smiled to herself as she heard him whistling "Dundee" with great earnestness. She was so happy she could afford to smile, even at the objurgations that met them both, little calculated as those sonorous remarks were to sweeten the dinner. However, the meal, like all New England penances of that sort, was soon over, and nothing was said between the parents of Sally's proposed journey; only that night, just as the squire was all but asleep, Mrs. Tyler suddenly came down upon him.

"So you went and let Sally go to Westboro', arter all, husband?" in a tone of mingled remonstrance and surprise.

"She ain't gone yit," growled the squire, "'n I don't care a darn if she goes or stays. I kind o' like to hev her round sometimes, but if she's a mind to go, why I don't care, only I ain't a-goin' to have no young fellers a-follerin' on her home; 'n you kin jest drop a line to Jerushy and say so."

"I sha'n't do no such thing."

So the squire went to sleep, discreetly.

Sally was what some wise people would call foolishly happy for the next week. I don't know how much folly there was in her pleasure. I have seen rapture that was ingrain foolishness; I have seen despair quite as senseless; and I have my doubts, after all, if there is a much purer or simpler kind of happiness extant than danced in this sweet little girl's eyes and shone on her fair face in prospect of this first visit and her wonderful preparations for it; for she not only had a new gray mousseline de laine and delicate lilac calico, but her mother actually presented her with the dark green silk that had been her own wedding dress, fortunately plain and thick, but altogether too strait for the goodly proportions of Mrs. Tyler now—requiring even every scrap of the long "cardinal" she had worn with it to eke out a dress for Sally. Then there was her white cambric dress and her old brown gingham. What more could she need or want? But the squire, going in to Middletown to sell off some of his young stock, brought home a parcel and flung it into her lap.

"There!" said he, "that's Juno's calf. 'Tain't half so good lookin' as her shiny red skin, but I guess you'd ruther put it on your back, so I swapped."

Eager hands unrolled the parcel, and there lay a soft white shawl and a handful of ribbons—delicate pink, tender green and shades of aster color, with one trail of scarlet flashing through all. Sally was too happy to speak.

Why can't we make people happy oftener, when they are young and simple enough to be made so? At forty, what are gowns or shawls or ribbons? but what are they not at sixteen.

[illegible]

At last the all [illegible] packed and Sally [illegible] was to take her [illegible] way station.

"Good-by, mother! [illegible]" Mrs. Tyler only nodded.

"Good-by, little [illegible]" squire, muttering [illegible] shall kind o' [illegible] I guess I'll go 'n look [illegible] heifer."

So Sally went safely [illegible] short drive and a long [illegible] herself at Westboro' and [illegible] all ready to receive her [illegible] as well as her husband, [illegible] never seen—a tall, serious [illegible] as quiet as his wife was [illegible] as our little friend [illegible] Westboro' she was [illegible] knowing, a social success [illegible] pretty, and delicate, and [illegible] Cousin Jerusha always as [illegible] a round of tea parties and [illegible] drives set in directly, till [illegible] she had never been in [illegible] place before.

Westboro' is a pretty [illegible] side, beneath which [illegible] all its shores below the [illegible] lage side, guarded by a [illegible] workshops, where the [illegible] clanged all day, and [illegible] strong arms worked [illegible] out of the dull masses of [illegible] them.

These "shops," as they [illegible] were a dreadful institution to [illegible] was taken through them [illegible] thing to do, but the furnaces [illegible] hammers and the noise so [illegible] and frightened her that she [illegible] get away to the cool green [illegible] and play with Jerusha's children [illegible] many an admiring eye followed [illegible] ress among the forges; and [illegible] evening no less than three [illegible] men—all known to Mrs. Phelps, [illegible] but not usually so attentive [illegible] her house. Sally did not recognize [illegible] vulcans she saw in the morning [illegible] washed and shaven and adorned [illegible] she only thought them very pleasant and kind. But after that it was [illegible] to see how popular Mrs. Phelps [illegible] how many calls she had of an evening [illegible] while her unconscious little cousin [illegible] and smiled and talked and behaved herself as a wild rose might, [illegible] into a young woman.

A great many drives and walks Sally had, but after a while one gray [illegible] seemed to her quite the best and [illegible] she had ever known; and of all the wild flowers given and sent her, one basket of trailing arbutus surpassed all [illegible] There were pinker clusters and [illegible] flowers and bigger bunches, but the [illegible] bark basket with its mossy covering [illegible] so graceful, and the flowers so fresh and so deftly arranged; and then they [illegible] all gathered in her favorite walk, [illegible] in the woods by the river side, so [illegible] and fresh, and sweet with such [illegible] odors as were never known to the [illegible] hills of Wingfield.

It was rather odd that this was Joe Dyer's favorite walk also—that he owned that gray horse and made that basket. Perhaps it would have [illegible] odder still if Sally had not liked [illegible] even better than his gifts and [illegible]ings, for he was a good tempered, [illegible] some, gay young fellow, with [illegible] ing spirits, a quick temper and [illegible] heart: as lovable and honest as [illegible] yet with all a man's resolute strength and fidelity. And [illegible] Sally, he had flirted with [illegible] village girls and loved none of [illegible] This shy, simple, sweet little [illegible] maiden was altogether different [illegible] the romping, boisterous creatures [illegible] are the growth of a manufacturing [illegible] and for a wonder her voice too [illegible] sweet and low—a thing rare enough among New England girls.

Under the circumstances it was hardly strange that Joe's liking, and Sally's, with no intrusive elements about [illegible] and the kindliest encouragement [illegible] Jerushy's part, should have ripened [illegible] a real, honest love. Jerushy knew Joe was a young fellow of [illegible] good character, earning high wages, [illegible] considered it a happy ordination [illegible] Providence that brought him and Sally together; and when it was time for [illegible] to go, and Joe appeared at the [illegible] Jerushy discreetly turned her head [illegible] appeared not to hear that perfectly audible whisper: "Dearest Sally, may [illegible] you a letter?"

But I am afraid she heard, [illegible] less, from the very significant [illegible] that followed her good-by kiss on [illegible] pensive blushing face:

"I expect you won't stay away [illegible] dreadful long while from Westboro', Sally; and you'll be just as welcome [illegible] summer time when you do come back."

To which Sally only returned an answer [illegible] a deeper blush and a dimpling smile.

It would be impertinent to [illegible] what were Sally's meditations [illegible] cars; they are open to conjecture. [illegible] when she arrived at the station her father was to meet her, and, [illegible] welcome, according to his own [illegible] bur fashion, of a growl and a kiss, [illegible] safely set beside him in the wagon, [illegible] squire looked round at her with [illegible] ing stare, and expressed his opinion [illegible] the premises:

"Well, seems as if you'd growed [illegible] o' good lookin', child. Had a [illegible] time?"

"Oh, father, perfectly splendid!"

"I want to know! Any young [illegible] down to Westboro'?"

"Yes, sir," with a fresh blush, [illegible] pure skin showed the heart beat underneath with a lovely but [illegible] cility.

"Any on 'em ask ye to marry [illegible]"

"No, sir."

Oh, Sally! Sally! was that the [illegible] the spirit of truth? Perhaps, after all, [illegible] was both, for she felt the sudden [illegible] burn all her face, from the very [illegible] shining hair down to and through [illegible] white throat below.

Happily the squire's critical eye surveyed at that moment a piece of plowed land, though he went on with [illegible] conversation:

"Left your words behind, hain't ye? Jerush' allers was a master hand [illegible] 'n I expect you've larnt how to [illegible] still, 'n that's just principle for folks. I never see furrows run like [illegible] on that hill lot—they're all [illegible] Oughter be ashamed on't. Well, [illegible] creetur, be ye glad to get home?"

"Oh, yes, father," with a very [illegible] love look and smile.

"No desp'rit harm done, I guess." "How's mother, father, and the chickens?"

(Continued next week.)

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle *Free*, that they may try it before purchasing. The Large Bottles are 50c and $1.00. We certainly advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

C. G. Johnson

Has just opened his new liquor store at No. 62 State street, Olean, N. Y., where he is always pleased to meet his friends. Orders by mail are promptly attended to. Swedish [illegible] a specialty.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

[illegible]

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 14, 1890.

[illegible] of Kansas, has introduced a bill to encourage the propagation of the American bison and buffalo.

The Wellsboro Agitator of last week says: "Hon. W. W. Brown of Bradford, Pa., was in town Thursday in the interest of the candidacy of Hon. Charles W. Stone for Governor."

The Philadelphia *Times* will "hear something drop" on Tuesday next. Reyburn's majority in the 4th Congressional district will run into thousands and the free wool dodge will be buried under an avalanche of ballots.

Superstitious people are calling attention to the history of the old Seward mansion, at Washington, into which Mr. Blaine's family moved last fall. It has for many years been called an unlucky house, and the death of Mr. Blaine's son and daughter within a month has strengthened that idea in the superstitious mind.

If the Jamestown *News* succeeds in having Orrin K. Jones nominated for Congress in the Chautauqua district it will have accomplished most creditable political work. Mr. Jones is one of the foremost men of Chautauqua county so far as its physical development is concerned and his Republicanism is "bred in the bone." No man has done better work in keeping old Chautauqua at the front in Republican majorities, and no man is more deserving of Republican recognition.

The New York *Sun* assures certain of its contemporaries who assert that Speaker Reed "is influenced by foolish vanity," that he is thus influenced "about as little as any man now on earth," that "if his case were one of self inflation he would cease to be dangerous and become highly ridiculous." "He is performing," says the *Sun*, "with a courage and a tenacity of purpose worthy of a better cause, an [illegible] service to his party." It will not do to underrate Mr. Reed, says the *Sun*.

The result of the primary election in Bradford city, on Tuesday night, was most gratifying. The nomination of Judge Loyal Ward must meet the approval of every conscientious and [illegible] Republican. Mr. Ward [illegible] resident of the county, an [illegible] Judge and has always [illegible] a stalwart wheel horse in the [illegible]. His majority of 233 was certainly proof of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens. Mr. Harvey McCalmont and Mr. [illegible] the opposing candidates are [illegible] young men. The former gentleman's invaluable services in New York State, during the last Presidential campaign and the effect of his eloquent orations are remembered with gratitude by Republican voters.

[illegible] Isaac Currier of Brooklyn, brother of the late Mrs. Tracy, in speaking of the retirement of Gen. Tracy from the head of the Naval Department because of the terrible calamity which visited his family last week says: "There is no probability whatever that Secretary Tracy will retire from public life. Of course his health is greatly shattered and it will take a long time to bring him around, but he will persevere in his life's work. He is not only suffering from mental shock, but the inhalation of smoke has affected him physically. In the supreme moment of suffering he said that if he could not go on with the Navy Department he could not live. Then, all his friends, including President Harrison, Mr. Strachan and [illegible], have advised him that every consideration demand that he stay at his post and he will. At a time like this occupation for his mind will be his salvation."

Col. Lewis F. Watson is filling his third term in the House at Washington and he has never had two successive terms as a member of that body. He was first elected to the 45th Congress, then to the 47th and now he is a member of the 51st. He claims that he has never had the influence in Congress and in the departments that he would have were it known that he was to be reelected. He has no hesitancy in saying that he would like to be returned from this district, and certainly the ambition is a laudable one. He is also perfectly frank in saying that if the nomination is given him this year he will not ask it again. It may be considered a little premature to discuss this question so long in advance of the nominating convention, but as it is being agitated in other portions of the district we have concluded to refer to it. There is no disguising the fact that a goodly number of the prominent Republicans of McKean believe it would be good politics to give Col. Watson a second term. If McKean county should throw her influence in that direction would it not place her in a position to demand of Warren the nomination [illegible]? We have men in this county whom we should like to see in Congress, who are qualified to fill a seat in that body with great credit, as did Mr. Brown the former member from this county. But can they get there through the unseemly scramble which characterized the Congressional Convention of two years ago? We think not and we do not hesitate to say that unless conciliation and the principle of "give and take" is practiced we never expect to see them secured. We have briefly referred to this question now in hopes that it will call out expressions from the people on the subject.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL.

[From our own Correspondent.]

HARRISBURG, Feb. 11.—As predicted in my letter of last week Grant Wilson received the Republican nomination for Mayor and it is confidently expected that the voters of Harrisburg will give him the executive chair of our city and oust the present unpopular official.

Harrisburg on a legitimate vote is a Republican stronghold by a safe majority and ought to be ruled by that party and will be in the future. The mushroom growth known as Knights of Labor came into being just about the time of our last Mayoralty election and Fritchil, who is a professional, an M. D., somehow or other got into the organization and used it for his political advancement. He has proved himself unpopular and the K. of L. power in Harrisburg is now "nil," so there is every reason to look for a change in our city government; but as indicated in my last letter before the Republican is seated, there will be a contest, which the Supreme Court will be asked to decide.

The contests for other minor city positions are lively for the reason that we have been blessed (?) so long with political chums who have consistently voted and worked against the needed advanced improvements, that the determination is now firm to forever vote the "chums" out of office and put in men who favor the improvements so much needed in our city. From Mayor to Constables the contest is sharp and active.

The commission created by the last Legislature to revise the tax laws of the State, held a session for organization and business at the office of Auditor General McCamant on Tuesday of last week. The entire commission was present. Auditor General McCamant presided. There was a free exchange of ideas as to the duty of the commission and the scope of its work. Mr. Wright of Philadelphia, submitted his suggestions on the taxation of incomes. Mr. Price of Erie, submitted the plan of taxation agreed upon by the convention of County Commissioners, of which Commissioner Anglum of McKean, was a member. This proposition, it will be remembered, was presented in the form of a bill to the last Legislature. Mr. Leonard Rhone, Worthy Master of the State Grangers, also submitted the Granger plan of levying taxes. This proposition was also before the last Legislature and proposes in addition to taxing the property for State purposes, also proposes to tax this same property for local purposes at the one-half mill rate paid by real estate. There were other special tax features presented, each member of the commission riding his "hobby."

Auditor General McCamant later will submit a paper in which will be shown certain species of property taxed by other States for local purposes but which are exempt under the Pennsylvania taxation laws.

There was no formal action taken on any matters before the commissioners, but it is expected that business in earnest will be commenced at the meeting in Philadelphia on the 25th instant. The commission proposes to give all persons interested an opportunity to be heard, and end their labor in the submission to the next Legislature of a bill to cover all subjects for taxation.

A subject of much importance and of general interest to all members of the many secret beneficial fraternal societies of this State has recently been decided by the Supreme Court.

It is well known that the Insurance Commissioner of Pennsylvania has for a number of years past endeavored to induce the Legislature to declare all these societies insurance companies and amenable to the insurance taxation laws of the State. His hostility to these associations is open and public, and back of him are the old line life insurance companies. The class of societies that come under the displeasure of the Insurance Commissioner, are the Arcanium, The Heptasophs, Equitable Aid Union, Ancient Order United Workmen, and all kindred societies pledging a stated or fixed sum to the families of members of these orders at the decease of their head. This the old line companies call insurance and repeated attempts have been made to crush them out of existence. In a case tried at the instigation of the Insurance Commissioner, the Dauphin county court decided that a certain beneficial association was an insurance company, or rather vacated its charter on the ground that it was doing business illegally. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, where the lower court was reversed. The opinion which was handed down is a long one and defines what an insurance company is and what are beneficial associations. In a few words the decision says a life insurance company is organized strictly for business and is governed by business laws and principles; is a corporation formed for money gain to its incorporators. A beneficial association is not a business concern so much as an association for philanthropic and benevolent purposes and the mutual benefit of its members and is therefore governed by a different set of laws and regulations.

The Insurance Commissioner has persistently hounded these associations (which are the poor man's insurance) for years and it is said the decision of the Supreme Court is distasteful to him.

The workingman and man of moderate means owes it to his family and those dependent upon him that no vote of his shall send a man to the Legislature who will vote to place these associations in the power of the Insurance Commissioner who will wipe them out of existence at the very first chance.

The Democracy of Philadelphia have determined to spring the free trade issue in the election of a successor to Pig Iron Kelley, recently deceased, and a regular old time campaign is waged for Ayers, the "tariff reformer," against Jno. E. Reyburn, the Republican nominee. The district represented by Judge Kelly is the wealthiest manufacturing district in Philadelphia and the time and place for a tariff reform campaign against high protection is well chosen. The protectionists of the district have accepted the Democratic challenge and a warm and interesting fight is in progress. It would be funny to see Judge Kelly's successor a tariff reformer, but this is a contingency scarcely liable to take place.

The searches into ancient lore and for parallelisms in present happenings with past events, gives us a singular bit of history from the administration of Wm. H. Harrison (1841 to 1845), the grandfather of the present President. Our "oldest inhabitant" often can be heard to say: "I remember the 'Tyler grip,' it was exactly like the present influenza epidemic."

The recent sad afflictions in the families of the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the United States Navy find their parallelisms, further in the disasters that befel the chief advisers of President Tyler, who as Vice President succeeded President Harrison, at his death a few months after his inauguration. It was at that time that the present epidemic, then known as "Tyler's grip," spread over the country with disastrous results. Mr. Tyler's Secretary of State, Mr. Upshur, and Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Gilmer, were killed on board the Princeton at the time of the explosion of the new gun that was being tested.

During this administration we have had the grip, death has entered the household of the Secretaries of State and Navy, Mr. Blaine is in miserable health and General Tracy barely escaped death last week. Let us hope the parallelism will go no further.

The colored people of Harrisburg have recently started a newspaper here to be published in the interest of their race. It largely represents the soldier element too, of that race, and these veterans have started a movement to have the battle flags, now at Washington, and which were carried by Pennsylvania's colored troops, returned and given to this State to be placed in the flag room among other war relics. The movement it is said meets with favor in Washington.

Winter gave us a visit last week but its stay was not long. It got thawed out in a little while. We may have more, notwithstanding the fact that the ground hog came out of his hole without being chased back by his shadow.

ALCOURT.

GEO. T. OLIVER has received the appointment of Census Supervisor for Allegheny county, Pa. It would be difficult to find a man in that county more thoroughly qualified for the position, yet it is reported by Washington correspondents that Mr. Quay will oppose his confirmation. There may be foundation for this report but we will believe it when it is proven true. Col. Quay will hardly carry his dislike of the Oliver brothers to that extent.

IT COSTS money to build up our navy. So it does. We have the money. With it buy American wood, iron and steel, and everything else at home that enters into the construction of a navy. With it give thousands of American workmen American wages for getting out the "raw material" needed, for shaping it into "finished products" and for building the new ships of war. With it build up a navy that will command respect for itself at home and due respect for our country abroad.—Detroit *Tribune.*

NEXT Tuesday the seat in Congress made vacant by the death of Judge Kelly will be filled by the election of Reyburn, a Republican. This, with the contest already decided, will bring the Republicans in the House up to 170, with the Democrats standing at 160, a Republican majority of a full vote of 10. There are still other contests to decide, which will increase this majority. This, with Reed in the chair and the new rules adopted, creates a sight to see, most decidedly. The last Presidential election is just over, with something done towards the next. Now will come the business of the country, which will be put through with all proper speed. The Republican members of the House deserve great praise for their constancy. It is by such devotion to the principles that Republican victories are consummated, and the way is opened for others in the future. With the President and both branches of Congress acting in concert there will be no question about the future.—Pittsburgh *Times.*

THE Russian mission is a mystery. Some time ago the two Pennsylvania Senators and the entire Republican delegation from this State, at the request of Mr. Wanamaker, signed a request to the President that he appoint Mr. C. C. Harrison of Philadelphia, Minister to Russia. Nothing is known about the alleged change in the program by any of the signers, and no trace can be found of authority for the report that Mr. Smith, of the *Press*, has had the offer of the Mission made to him. The appointment has been a good deal handed around. Mr. Blaine early offered it to Mr. Drexel, who declined it, then, according to a report, it was offered by the Secretary to Mr. Childs, who also declined it. After that came the Harrison part of the alleged proceeding, and now the reported offer to Mr. Smith. It seems to be understood that a Pennsylvanian will go to Russia, the most authentic of all the reports giving the appointment to Mr. Harrison. If he has declined it and Mr. Smith has had the offer, neither Senator Cameron, Senator Quay, nor any of the Republican representatives know it. But he has had the offer nevertheless, and probably will accept it.—Pittsburgh *Times.*

Not One in Ten

Of the people you meet from day to day have perfectly pure, healthy blood. The hereditary scrofulous taint affects the large majority of people while many others acquire diseases from impure air, improper food and wrong indulgences. Hence the imperative necessity for a reliable blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla which eradicates every impurity, and gives to the blood vitality and health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, humors, boils, pimples, and all other affections caused by impurities or poisonous germs in the blood. All that is asked for Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it be given a fair trial.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Four Striking Features of the Pennsylvania Limited.

Of all the passenger trains of the world, none presents for the convenience and accommodation of its passengers so many original and novel features as the Pennsylvania Limited. This train offers four great features unique in the history of passenger travel. As it speeds across the continent there are flashed over the wires, to meet or overtake it, the fluctuations of the New York and Philadelphia stock markets, and there are also posted on its bulletins full reports of the doings in the foreign and domestic financial markets. Thus the wayfaring man reads as he runs.

In order that the traveler may dispatch any commission which these reports may suggest, or dispose of any current correspondence, a stenographer and typewriter is provided for the free use of the train's patrons. He will take the dictation of letters or telegrams, and see that they are forwarded from the train. Thus may business proceed though the counting room be many miles away.

So much for the men. Ladies could never before travel in such comfort. For their convenience a waiting-maid is assigned to each train, whose duty it is to serve as ladies' maid in all that the term implies. Ladies without escort, ladies with children, and invalids are the particular objects of their care. So that one's own maid may be left at home, and yet the fair traveler may receive assistance of one well trained in the duties of her vocation. The fourth important feature, also of interest to the ladies, is the observation car. This car is attached to the rear of the train. The latter half of it is a large open sitting room furnished with easy chairs. Broad plate windows admit a wide expanse of light, and the broad platform at the rear makes a pleasant open-air observatory in fair weather. This car is open to all passengers and forms a magnificent sitting-room for ladies.

With these four prominent characteristics, in addition to the superior sleeping apartments, bath-rooms for both sexes, a dining car unexcelled in service and cuisine, smoking and reading apartments, and a barber saloon, the Pennsylvania Limited sustains its claim of being the most complete passenger train of the world.

Poor Humanity!

The common lot is one of sorrow say—at least—the pessimists, they who look at the worst side. Certainly what would otherwise be a bright existence, is often shadowed by some ailment that overhangs it like a pall, obscuring perpetually the radiance that else would light the path. Such an ailment, and a very common one, is nervousness, or in other words, weakness of the nervous system, a condition only irremediable where inefficient or improper means are taken to relieve it. The concurrent experience of nervous people who have persistently used Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, that it conquers entirely supersensitiveness of the nerves, as well as diseases—so called—which are invited and sustained by their chronic weakness. As the nerves gain stamina from the great tonic the trouble disappears. Use the Bitters for malaria, rheumatism, biliousness and kidney troubles.

Don't Read This

Unless you are out of employment and in search of a salary of from $5 to $10 per day. That is what Agents are earning canvassing for Stanley's new book. Just out and the best selling book of the century. For circulars, terms, etc., address at once,

A. LACKLEY,
Ceres, N. Y.

Sole and special agent for Potter and McKean counties.

A USEFUL PRESENT.

Specht and Sasse are sole agents in this section of the County for the Crosby Invalid Bed. This is one of the most useful articles for the sick room ever invented, and it would be a most welcome christmas present to send to your sick friend. It gives comfort and ease to invalids when they are so exhausted from disease that they are obliged to be lifted from one bed to another to have it made up. It affords easy access to the body in cases of fractures, amputations, dysentery, fevers, rheumatism, &c. It is simple in construction and will not get out of order. Call and see it at their Furniture rooms on Main Street.

Sale of Administratrix.

In the matter of the Estate of Jeremiah Maybee, deceased. } In the Orphans' Court of McKean County, Penn'a.

In pursuance of an alias order of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, Penn'a, I will sell on the premises, in Otto township, McKean county, on Saturday, the 8th day of March A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the interest of Jeremiah Maybee, deceased, in and to the following real estate, oil wells and machinery, to-wit:

The interest of the decedent, Jeremiah Maybee, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Otto township, McKean county, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Being part of warrant No. 4181, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the N. E. corner of land sold to A. C. Scott, running west along said Scott's north line thirty-four and one-half (34½) rods to corner of Hayne and Fuller's east line; thence north along Hayne & Fuller's east line forty-seven and ninety-one hundredths (47 90-100) rods; thence along lot line of No. 7, nineteen and twenty-one-one-hundredths (19 21-100) rods to angle in Church & Whitney's lot; thence southeasterly along said Church & Whitney's southerly line eighteen and fifty-one-hundredths (18 50-100) rods to Pew's northwest corner; thence south along Pew's west line thirty-eight and thirty-three-one-hundredths (38 33-100) rods to place of beginning; containing ten (10) acres be the same more or less.

Together with decedent's interest in two oil wells, two (2) engines, one (1) boiler, casing, tubing, tanks, fixtures, connections and machinery thereon situate or thereunto belonging. The interest of decedent being supposed to be the equal undivided one-half part or portion of the northern half of said above described piece or parcel of land together with a like interest in the oil wells, machinery, etc, thereon situate.

The terms of sale are one-half down at date of confirmation of sale and the balance in ninety (90) days thereafter.

LEONA MYERS,
Administratrix.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF COD LIVER OIL WITH
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

W. T. CALLAR,
DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST.
—DEALER IN—
Drugs : and : Medicines,
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes,
Stationery, Toilet Articles, Etc.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

BRICK DRUG STORE,
MAIN STREET, - - SMETHPORT, PA

WANTED

Men to take orders for Nursery Stock, on Salary or Commission. I can make a successful

SALESMAN

of any one who will work and follow my instructions. Will furnish handsome outfit free and pay your salary or commission every week. Write for terms at once.

E. O. GRAHAM, Nurseryman,
Rochester, N. Y.

Court Proclamation.

THE HON. A. G. OLMSTED, President Judge; [illegible] of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' and Court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean, has issued his precept, bearing date Friday, Dec. [illegible], 1889, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, at the borough of Smethport, on Monday, the 24th day of February, 1890, and to continue one week.

Notice is therefore hereby given to Coroners, Justices of the Peace and Constables, within the county that they be then and there in their proper person at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and other remembrances, to do those things which their offices appertain to be done. And those who are bound by their recognizances to prosecute the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of said county of McKean are to be then and there to prosecute against them as well as just.

Dated at Smethport, Feb. 21, 1890, and in the 113th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

W. D. CLARKE, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Alias Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1890, AT 1 P. M.,
the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in the following described parcel or lot of land situate in the Village of Coleville, Keating township, McKean county, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the public road, the center thereof, thence running south 67 degrees, east eight rods along said public road; thence running south 23 degrees, west ten rods to a stake; thence running north 67 degrees, west eight rods to a stake; thence running north 23 degrees, east ten rods to the place of beginning, containing one half acre of land strict measure and being a part of 94 acres of land in warrant Nos. 2334 and 2335 and lot formerly known as Washburn lot and being same land deeded to first party hereto by deed dated February 12th, 1880 and recorded March 6, 1880, in deed book volume No. 33, page 46, &c., said deed being from Lazarus Meyer and wife.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of I. H. Hodgkins, at the suit of Orravilla Ostrander.

Sheridan Gorton, Pl'ff's Att'y.

2.

Defendant's interest in the following described premises, situate in Borough of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and known as being bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the line of Chambers street, two hundred and eleven, (211) feet south of the line of Main street; running thence south along the line of said Chambers street, twenty five feet (25); thence on a line parallel with Main street, fifty-six and one-half feet (56½); thence northerly parallel with said Chambers street twenty-five feet (25); thence west 56½ feet to the place of beginning; containing 1412½ square feet of land, be the same more or less, but subject to all legal highways.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Allen H. Fetzer and Josephine Fetzer, his wife, at the suit of Walter G. Hunt.

Mullin & McClure and North, Pl'ff's Att'ys.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel and tract of land situate lying and being in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, known as lot No. 12, of "Powell's survey," bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post set in the northeast corner of Fraley and Harris streets and running thence east along the north line of Haines street one hundred and forty-nine (149) feet to a post; thence north eighty (80) feet to a post; thence west one hundred and forty-nine (149) feet to a post set in the east line of Fraley street; thence following the said east line of Fraley street eighty (80) feet to the place of beginning; improved and having thereon one three story wooden hotel building with two two-story additions, known as the "St. Elmo Hotel," one frame barn about 48x30 feet, one wagon shed about 12x40 feet, one ice house about 12x20 feet, and a good well of water.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Casper Smith at the suit of Henry Hamlin.

Robt. H. Rose, Pl'ff's Att'y.

4.

Defendant's interest in a lot of land in Ceres [lately Annin] Township, McKean County, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at a post standing at the south line of land formerly owned by Ben'j Vandermark, 17 perches west of the southeast corner of same; thence north 23 degrees, west 14 and 6-10 perches to a hemlock stump; thence north 14 perches to the tail race of the Fuller sawmill; thence from same 34 perches to the centre of the highway leading to Bell's Run; thence along centre of same south 83 degrees, east 21 and 9-10 perches to the south line of said land formerly owned by Vandermark; thence east 25 perches to the place of beginning; containing 5 acres 57 perches. Improved and having thereon 1 frame dwelling, two stories, with one one story wings; 1 small store building 16x24 feet, two storied; 1 large barn, 30x40 feet; small out buildings; 1 well of water and about 24 fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William L. Hyde, at the suit use Byron D. Hamlin, Henry Hamlin and John Forrest.

John Forrest, Pl'ff's Att'y.

5.

Defendant's interest in a lot of land situate in the township of Liberty, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at a post and stone being the southeast corner of A. L. Holden twenty-five acre lot; thence east one hundred and ninety (190) rods or so far as a line running south will strike the northwest corner of the Ben lot; thence south eighteen and seven tenths (18.7) rods to said Ben corner; thence east on north line of same sixty-three rods to [illegible] being Ben northeast corner in the east line of warrant 2247; thence south on east line of warrant two hundred and ninety one (291) rods to the southeast corner of the Abbey and Dickenson survey, a post corner; thence west on same fifty-four (54) rods to basswood the southeast corner; thence south one hundred and seventy-six (176) rods to D. Grinold's southeast corner; thence west on same one hundred and ninety-five (195) rods to his south west corner; thence north on A. M. and A. L. Holden lots ninety-six and three-tenths (96.3) rods to the place of beginning; containing two hundred sixteen and seven-tenths (216.7) acres, the same being parts of warrants 2247 and 2244.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John C. Brown, Philip Kellar at the suit of The Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, executor of the will of John J. Ridgway, deceased.

Apple & Easton, Pl'ff's Att'ys.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that piece, parcel and tract of land lying, being and situate in the borough of Port Allegany, county of McKean and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post at the west line of Main street at the southeast corner of land deeded by the heirs of William P. Wilcox to S. W. and W. D. Smith thence south sixty degrees west (S. 60 degrees W.) thirteen (13) perches to a post corner in the Trowbridge line; thence north thirty degrees west (N. 30 degrees W.) four (4) perches to a post corner; thence north sixty degrees east (N. 60 degrees E.) thirteen (13) perches to a post corner; thence south thirty degrees east (S. 30 degrees E.) four (4) perches to the place of beginning; containing fifty-two square perches of land, be the same either more or less. Improved and having erected thereon one new two story frame dwelling, large wood shed and barn, water and gas plumbing in house, one lawn and fruit trees, and well of water.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Helen G. Brown and John W Brown, her husband, in the right of said Helen G. Brown at the suit of Fem H. Arnold.

Samuel W. Smith, Pl'ff's Att'y.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land beginning at the southeast corner of lot No. 10 of the allotment of lands of the Bingham estate in Lafayette township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, conveyed to Alpha Morse; thence along the south line of said lot north 87¼ degrees west 63 perches and 4-10; thence along the east line of the part of lot No. 136 conveyed to Thomas Hall and Joseph H. Tait (being also along the east line of warrant No. 2242) south 2 degrees west 99 1-10 perches; thence along the north line of the lot, No. 134, contracted to be sold to Alfred Gilmore, Jr., and John Preston [being also along the north line of warrant No. 2244] south 87¼ degrees east 135 7-10 perches; thence along the west line of lot No. 133 conveyed to Andrew C. Hall and Alpha Morse, north 2¼ degrees east 20 6-10 perches and thence along lines of lot No. 10 also conveyed to Andrew C. Hall and Alpha Morse aforesaid, North 87¼ degrees west 33 1-10 perches and north 2 degrees east 78 4-10 perches to the place of beginning; containing 79 6-10 acres strict measure to be the same more or less, it being lot No. 135 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in Lafayette township aforesaid and part of warrant 2242, together with all oil wells; 3 12-61 P. engines; 3 12-61 P. engines; 3 12-41 P. boilers; 1 30-41. P. boilers; 5 tanks; casing; cartridges, ropes, tubing, sucker rods, drilling, gas, oil and gas pipes, fittings, fixtures, tanks, buildings and machinery thereon situate and there belonging. Also

No. 2. All that certain other piece or parcel of land situate in Lafayette township, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at a post in the south line of lands of the said party of the first part, the southeast corner of lot No. 9 of Gorton's survey; thence north bounding on the east line of lot No. 9, the southeast corner of lot No. 9; thence east 80 perches to a post; thence 80 perches to a post in the south line of lands of said party of the first part; thence west to the place of beginning, containing 100 acres strict measure, to be the same more or less and being lot No. 10 of the survey of L. Gorton, and part of warrant No. 2242, unimproved. Also

No. 3. All that certain piece, tract or parcel of land situate in township, county and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at the northeast corner of lot No. 6, thence north 106 rods to a post marked 7 and 3; thence south 150 4-10 rods to a post marked 7, 8 and 10; thence west bounding on lots Nos. 10 and 6, 106 rods to a post; thence north bounding on lot No. 6, 120 6-10 rods to the place of beginning; containing 100 acres, strict measure be the same more or less and being lot No. 7 and part of warrant Nos. 2242 and 2243, saving and excepting therefrom 20 acres off the west side of said lot heretofore sold to the said Tait; unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. M. Tait, at the suit of Thos. Haskell use of Frank A. Newell now use of W. W. Hall, trustee.

W. B. & J. P. Chapman, Pl'ff's Att'ys.

W. D. CLARKE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Feb. 3, 1890.

HORSES FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.—2 or 3 pairs of good work horses from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds each.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 8, 1889.—tf. A. T. PALMER.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT MY wife, Carrie Tanner, did on the 21st day of January, 1890, leave my bed and board, without just cause. I therefore forbid any one harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will pay no bills of her contracting.

ABNER TANNER.

Farmers Valley, Pa., Jan. 27, 1890.—4t.

AT THE

PALACE STORE!

Just received, a large consignment of those

DELICIOUS FLORIDA ORANGES,

Also another lot of CALIFORNIA PRUNES.
Several grades of FRENCH PRUNES.

Feltz' Fancy Flour,
Fresh Buckwheat Flour,
Graham Flour,
and Cornmeal,

All guaranteed to give satisfaction.

CANNED GOODS

of all kinds. Try "Extra Dry" canned pumpkin. Those Kentish assorted fruit jams are a so very fine. My

TEAS AND COFFEES

are acknowledged by all to be of superior quality. A good Japan Tea, 4 pounds for $1.00.

Good Potatoes that are not bitter, - 60 cts.
Creamery Butter - - - - - - - - 25 cts.
Try our Full Cream Cheese.
No. 1 Whitefish, Trout and Ciscoes.
Pork, Lard, Ham, etc., etc.

In fact everything usually kept in a first-class store. Satisfaction guaranteed and all goods delivered promptly. Yours respectfully.

D. C. YOUNG.

DECORATE YOUR HOMES!

Wall Paper
AND
Decorations.

A full car load of Burges' Wall Papers and Ceiling Decorations, the finest in the market, have just been received by us, which will be furnished at strictly factory prices, if we put it on. For this purpose we have two first-class paper hangers. Our patrons can thus secure a saving of twenty-five per cent., as we furnish the paper at wholesale prices and charge no more for putting it on.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES

are embraced in this stock, which for

BEAUTY AND ORIGINALITY

are not equalled by those of any other manufacturer in the United States. Call and examine at our store.

SPECHT & SASSE.

Smethport, Pa.

FURNITURE

Established, 1836.

BUY OF THE MAKER

And we box, ship and pay the freight on all out of town orders.

The following are the prices which shall give us plenty of room and enable us to open the spring trade with almost a complete new stock.

Fancy parlor cabinets, cherry and oak,

$5.50 were $7.75. $6 were $8.50.
$7 were $10.50. $9 were $10.50.

Parlor suites, solid cherry frames with best marbleized plush,

$60—were $80 $65—were $85
$70—were $100.

Elegant English rug suites,

$80—were $115. $92.50—were $120.
$110—were $150.

Sideboards, a royal store. Every fashionable design of every fashionable wood.

Solid oak with bevel plate glass, $12—was $20.
Solid oak with French plate bevel glass $20—was $27.50.
Solid oak, $37.50—was 55. —magnificent sideboard with not so much money as it cost the maker.
Solid oak, bevel plate, $25—was $35.
The Cathedral sideboard, solid oak, hand carved $50, when found at all elsewhere is at least $70.
Solid oak five-foot sideboard, hand carved fronts and French plate bevel mirrors, $60—usually $90.

Dining tables are far too many to tell of. The same ratio of reduction is made on there however, as on the sideboards.

$0.50 to $7.50.

And for the rest these grades of prices may help your buying thought:

Bedroom Suites	$12 75	to	$100 00
Folding Beds	15 00	to	150 00
Chiffonnieres	10 00	to	75 00
Hall Racks	7 00	to	75 00
Bookcases	8 75	to	50 00
Desks	7 00	to	50 00
Lounges	7 00	to	50 00

In January and February we make a specialty of repairing and recovering old furniture, making mattress work of all kinds, and we make close prices.

A good hair mattress should be renovated every few years. We'll send for one or a dozen, pay the freight and return them in perfect order.

A postal card is enough to get our catalogue prepared especially for out of town buyers.

HERSEE & CO.,
247-255 Elliott St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Two blocks from Main.

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE OF MY INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

FREE

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to [illegible] about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

For Sale.

DWELLING HOUSE ON KING STREET, size 22x26, ft. two stories high, with summer kitchen in rear. Lot 4x16 rods, with about 60 young fruit trees. At a great bargain. Inquire at MINER office, Smethport, Pa. 1tf.

MEMORY

Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus post free, sent on application to Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave. New York.

W. S. WEAVER. [illegible]

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE!

41, 43 and 45 MAIN STREET,
(TWO FLOORS.) BRADFORD, PA.

Oil Well Supplies,
Natural Gas Supplies,
Machinists' Supplies,
Blacksmiths' Supplies,
Household Supplies,
Railway Supplies,
Grocers' Sundries.

A HARNESS DEPARTMENT

Has been added recently, where you can get a hand made harness on short notice and at a very low price. All kinds of harness parts and halters in stock.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

THE NIAGARA NATURAL GAS BURNER.

The finest light ever produced by Natural Gas. Send for Sample.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

EMERY & WEAVER,
BRADFORD, PA.

-:- FURNITURE. -:-

Talk is cheap, but Sound Business Principles always pays in the long run. To the people of Smethport and the country surrounding, we have a few words to say.

First—we keep the finest and best quality as well as the cheapest goods in the furniture line, to be found in any establishment.

Second—We sell our goods at a living profit, and don't pretend to sell at less than what they cost.

Third—If we have not the goods wanted we will procure them at prices to suit purchasers.

We claim that no purchaser wants shoddy furniture palmed off onto them for first-class goods, and an experience of 27 years in the business convinces us that success always attends

-:- SQUARE DEALING. -:-

We sell a handsomer and better made bedroom set of Antique Oak furniture for $25 than was brought into this country from Buffalo during the past year for which $30 was paid,

We sell beautiful parlor sets and lounges at ten per cent. less than it will cost you to ship them in from Buffalo or Rochester.

Don't purchase until you look over our goods and prices.

SPECHT & SASSE.

V. KLAPPENBACH,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Cor. King and Church Sts., Smethport,

Keeps an assortment of English and French goods on hand from which to select. Suits will be made up in the latest and most approved styles, and entire

∴ SATISFACTION -:- GUARANTEED. ∴

The Best

WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED [illegible] that agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price, only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

Farm For Rent.

A GOOD FARM, convenient to Smethport. Fifty acres improved. Good water, good fences, good fruit and good location, together with stock, farming implements, &c. Will rent for cash, for a term of five years, upon easy terms, to the right party. Possession April 1st, 1890. For further particulars enquire of H. H. Allen, Esq., East Smethport, McKean Co., Pa.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of Stockholders of the Mount Jewett Gas Company will be held at the Company's office, in Wetmore township, near Kane, Pa., on Monday, February 24th, 1890, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of voting for or against a proposed increase of the capital stock of said company to fifteen thousand dollars.

THOS. L. KANE,
President.
HARRIET A. KANE,
Secretary.
Dec 26—9t.

Stockholders' Annual Election.

TAKE NOTICE THAT A MEETING OF the stockholders of the Smethport Water Company will be held at the general office of the company, in Smethport, McKean county, Pa., on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1890, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, for the election of Directors of said company.

ALVIN E. ARMSTRONG, Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 18, 1889 —9t.

For Sale.

A THREE-AND-A-HALF YEAR OLD half-blood Percheron Colt. Well broke. Inquire of D. H. [illegible], Smethport, Pa.
Dec. 11, 1889.—tf.

Incorporation Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors, a meeting of the stockholders of the Smethport Water Company will be held at the general office of the company in Smethport, McKean county, Pa. [illegible] of A. E. Armstrong, the [illegible] of the company, on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1890, at two o'clock p. m. of said day, for the purpose of voting for or against an increase of the capital stock of said company [illegible] thousand dollars to thirty thousand [illegible], which time and place all the stockholders of said company are requested to be present.

ALVIN E. ARMSTRONG, [illegible]
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 18, 1889—9t.

DISCOVERY—[illegible] the World there is but One Cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. [illegible] 10-40—1y [illegible]

For Sale.

A MILL PROPERTY [illegible]

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ED. MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.
HORACE SPARKS.

ED. MINER.—Please announce my name as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.
J. H. [illegible].

ED. MINER—Will you announce my name as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Democratic caucus.
[illegible].
Keating, Dec. 28th, 1889.

ED. MINER—Will you announce my name as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.
H. K. MOORE.
[illegible], Dec. 30th, 1889.

ED. MINER—I desire to announce through the columns of your paper that I will be a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Keating township at the Republican caucus.
C. W. FREEMAN.

ED. MINER—Please announce my name as a candidate for Supervisor of Hamlin township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.
August Lindberg.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Attend the caucus Saturday night.

—Don't forget the social hop to-night.

—County Treasurer L. Rogers visited Olean this week.

—Strawberries have made their appearance in some markets.

—Eldred has been struck with the gum-chewing epidemic.

—The sound of the merry sleigh bells has been quite refreshing.

—Every Republican should attend the caucuses to-morrow night.

—A pugilistic encounter occurred on Main street, last Saturday.

—Miss Kena Richmond of Franklin street, is visiting Eldred friends.

—Hon. J. W. Lee of Franklin, had business in Smethport this week.

—Old Sol is rather chapotic this winter—he will not give the snow a chance.

—A number of Bradford attorneys were in attendance at court this week.

—James S. Hoffman of Baltimore is the guest of Mrs. C. A. Burdick, of King street.

—The last social hop before lent at the opera house to-night. Go and have a good time.

—Rev. William Bradley will occupy the pulpit of the M. E. Church next Sunday morning.

—The stock in the confectionery store of E. A. McCarty was sold at Sheriff's sale this week.

—The liverymen made up for considerable lost time last Sunday, as a result of the snow storm.

—Attorney George Roberts and wife of Bradford, were registered at the Central this week.

—Dancers will probably take advantage of the hop to-night as it will be their last chance before lent.

—The members of local insurance orders would do well to read "Alcroft's" Harrisburg letter this week.

—We are in receipt of a copy of the New York *Tribune* almanac, a most instructive and useful publication.

—A number of merry sleighing parties from Eldred, Port Allegany and other places visited Smethport last Sunday.

—Judge Royal Ward received the nomination for Mayor of Bradford city, at the primary election held on Tuesday last.

—Miss Hoffman of Smethport, and the Misses Chadwick, of Canisteo, N. Y., were visitors in the city to-day.—*Olean Times.*

—E. O. James the genial and conversant traveling reporter of the Bradford *Era*, made us a most pleasant call on Wednesday.

—The bachelors of the whist club entertained right royally the ladies of that society, at the Wright House, on Friday evening last.

—James Dunn of East Main street, is setting up the cigars on the strength of a young lady visitor, who arrived at his home last Wednesday.

—We direct the attention of our readers to the double-column advertisement of W. W. Ball, the great bargain giver in clothing, boots and shoes at Olean.

—If the election of a democratic road supervisor for Keating township is an event that the future holds, no one with a better record than W. E. Dufain could get it.

—Dr. H. L. McCoy, who has been attending medical lectures in New York city, returned last Saturday, having completed a post graduate course at Bellvue College.

—Chris Shorer, a well-known resident of East Smethport, while sharpening a butcher knife last Saturday, inflicted a painful wound on his left hand, cutting a portion of it almost off.

—An enjoyable party of Smethport young people took a sleigh ride to Eldred Tuesday night, on wheels. The party participated in Prof. Clibee's dancing class that evening.

—Mrs. M. A. Sprague, Miss Lena Wright, Mrs. T. A. Morrison and Mrs. Warley Gifford attended the annual meeting of the G. A. R. and W. R. C., departments of Pennsylvania, in session at Shamokin this week.

—The prospects were very flattering for the lumbermen last Saturday. They made two logs fly while the snow lasted, and if the weather that is on at this writing continues, they can soon make hay while the sun shines.

—Since the murder of Patrick Hagney, the special officer of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad at Phoenixville, last Sunday morning, it is believed that the notorious organization known as the Mollie Maguires, is still in existence.

—The unbounded gall of newspaper advertising agencies that prey upon the journals of the country, is quite beyond description. Newspapers should organize a crusade against them; boycott them; stamp their intolerable insolence out of existence.

—We were in error last week in regard to the building of a gymnasium by St. Luke's church. It is proposed to erect a parish house on the site of the old hose house in the coming spring, instead of an athletic institution as we stated. Mistakes will occur.

—At the republican caucus held at Kane on Tuesday night, M. W. Moffit was nominated for Burgess over N. M. Orr by a plurality of 23 votes. Good selections were made in the nomination of the council, school directors, auditor, high constable, and inspector.

—The laws of Pennsylvania not only makes the sale of lottery tickets a penal offense, but makes it such also for any publisher of a newspaper to advertise lotteries. Notwithstanding the law forbidding the advertisement of lotteries, many Pennsylvania newspapers admit fancy lottery advertisements into their reading columns, for which they are paid extra gains.

ment.

—In want of snow to overcome friction on the slides over which logs are removed to streams in this region of country, crude petroleum has been tried and not without success. As it takes a good many barrels to grease the average slide once a week, there is a new and unexpected market for oil.

—Life in the lumber woods is by no means a continual round of hardships as most people suppose. The McKean lumber camps support most luxurious and plentifully supplied tables, and one would be surprised to see how like lords these knights of the forest dwell. The horn of plenty is theirs.

—The new Methodist Church recently erected in Kane is a very handsome edifice—one of the finest in this part of the State. As to outward beauty of architecture and internal arrangement it is certainly perfect in every respect. Kane is a real live and enterprising town and evidently up with the time.

—It is customary for the precocious youths of the present day to play truant, but who ever heard of a girl seventeen years of age, absenting herself from school for a period of two months and deceiving her parents all the time? This is the case with a maiden living less than a hundred miles from Smethport.

—One of the coziest and most conveniently appointed offices to be found in this neighborhood, is the one wherein Judge M. N. Allen, of East Smethport, presides, and impartially weighs the deeds of men. Having occasion to call on Mr Allen lately we were pleased to see him surrounding himself with these evidences of prosperity.

—Another family sensation is added to the long list of scandals at Smethport by the report that a well-known married man has skipped to parts unknown with an artful coquette. It is affording a sweet morsel for the tongues of the gossips that have been sleeping for three months.—*Bradford Star.* The above is a sensational hyperbole.

—The Warren Theatre Co., under the management of Harry W Delmay, supporting the talented and versatile actress, Miss Warren, in a repertoire of standard dramas and comedies will appear at Kittredge opera house, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week. Admission, 15, 25 and 35 cents. Reserved seats for sale at Armstrong's drug store.

—In the records of history there have been no such losses as were sustained on both sides in the American civil war. At Waterloo Wellington lost 13 per cent. of his forces, at Gettysburg the Northern Army lost 28 per cent., at Antietam 29 per cent. In the bloody battle of the Wilderness the Army of the Potomac lost 31 per cent. of it soldiers in killed, wounded and prisoners.

—Constable H. L. Burlingame, who has faithfully guarded the peace of the community for the last year, is urged by his many friends to be a candidate for nomination at the primary election to be held to-morrow evening. Mr Burlingame is a conscientious officer, and his being a "fixture" in the county court renders him more eligible for the office than one differently situated.

—A man who is great on "figgers" has calculated the time required for a journey around the earth, and has obtained the following results. A man, walking day and night, without resting, would take 428 days, an express train 40 days, sound, at a medium temperature, 31½ hours, light, a little over one-tenth of a second, and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little under one-tenth of a second.

—The fears of the orthodox New York *Tribune* in regard to the future of the church of England, are quite amusing. In speaking of the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln in England, it says: "The Church Union is making the Bishop's case its own. The ritualist party is now so strong that it will certainly not sit down under a distinct defeat. This will most probably lead to grave consequences to the Established Church." Indeed!

—The communication in defense of our schools, which will be found on this page, will be of interest to our readers. The unwise attempt of a Smethport correspondent to lower the reputation of the institution, must have been born of prejudice and nursed on the lap of gossip. When we have the scholars, the directors and all who are closely identified with the faculty for our authority, we can say truthfully that the Smethport schools under the management of W. F. Shero, A. B., have not only been advanced to a higher educational standard, but are at present, by far the best they have ever been in the history of the borough.

—The Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners have given notice that they are now ready to distribute trout in the public streams of this State. The members of the Commission are Messrs. Louis Streuber of Erie; Henry C. Ford of Philadelphia, James V. Long of Pittsburgh, H. C. Demuth of Lancaster, and S. B. Stillwell. The brook trout are distributed in small numbers so that they may cover as many streams as possible. Mr. Streuber states that he has about 500,000 brook trout in the Corry hatchery and the number of fry for distribution from that point will be almost as great, as the percentage of fry lost in the hatcheries is very small.

—In the town of Farmersville in this county, there are two creeks which cross each other at right angles, each maintaining its individuality as well below as above this remarkable transfluence. And near the village of Gowanda is a small, very crooked stream which approaches within a few yards of the south branch of the Cattaraugus creek, flowing in opposite directions, and then dances away never to return. A sharp, high ridge forbids the commingling of the two streams, and the dark majestic Cattaraugus seems unconscious even of the existence of the bright, dimpled coquette that so nearly finds a refuge on its breast.—*Olean Times.*

—G. W. Koonsman, who was severely injured near Clermont by a log rolling over him, some time since, died at the Chautauqua House in this borough, on Monday afternoon. The injury was neglected for some time, but through earnest solicitation of friends he at last came here for treatment, when it was found his hip was dislocated. The injured member was put in place and the unfortunate man was doing well when in rolling over in bed, the hip was again thrown out, and it became necessary to re-set it. Inflammation then set in and after many days of suffering death relieved him. He was a prominent Odd Fellow and a member of Smethport Encampment. The members of that order did all they could for his comfort, and after death sent his remains to Clearfield, his old home on Tuesday under escort, where his body was be laid at rest.

[illegible] Tuesday. A verdict was rendered for the railroad company. President Judge Olmsted presided this week.

The following cases were disposed of up to last evening:

F. W. Armstrong vs C. C. Annicong. Settled.

Isaac Crocker vs Lena J. Crocker. Verdict in favor of libellant.

People's Savings Institution of Erie county, Pa. vs J. M. Tate. Settled.

National Transit Company vs R. B. Stone and A. Leo Weil. Continued.

Thomas Givens vs Thomas Milton. Settled.

Thomas Givens vs George Potts and James Potts. Discontinued.

W. S. Robinson vs J. E. Mumford, H. H. Gladding and W. W. Cheeney. Continued.

The Kane Gas Light and Heating Co. vs R. E. Looker. Settled.

Alexander McClennan vs E. N. O'Brien and F. H. Davitt. Continued.

R. Birmingham vs L. Georgia Drake. Court directed a non-suit.

Jennie D. Miller vs Mrs. W. W. See. Continued.

A. H. Bloomer vs C. B. Whitehead. Continued.

B. Healey vs D. Stoltz. Settled.

J. B. Phillips vs J. W. Beacom. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

J. W. Beacom vs Graham & Phillips. Continued.

Patrick Bowan and Hannah Bowan vs The City of Bradford. Verdict in favor of plaintiffs for $200.

On petition of Leon K. and Ruth K. Hogarth, A. B. Armstrong was appointed guardian.

John Ley and Jeremiah Dort were sworn in as citizens.

The Smethport Schools.

EDITOR MINER:—My attention having been called to an item in the Smethport correspondence in the Williamsport *Grit*, reflecting on the management of our schools, with a request that I reply thereto, I have been to the trouble of ascertaining the facts of the matter, which I trust you will give to the public through the columns of the MINER.

While not fully in accord with all the methods in vogue in the schools of to-day, I still think we have as efficient, careful and painstaking teachers in the Smethport schools as are to be found in this section. I have the opinions of a number of persons, competent judges in the matter of school management, all of whom agree in saying that the present faculty is all that could be desired, and that the school is in a healthy and prosperous condition.

True, during the illness of some of the teachers, very recently, some difficulty was experienced with a few of the older pupils, which was reported to the directors, who promptly proceeded to investigate the matter, but found that Mr. Shero, the principal, had returned to his duties and had already applied the remedy. Aside from this there has been no occasion for fault-finding, save and except such as is usual in all schools.

Allow me to give you a few statistics which will not only bear me out in my assertions, but may perhaps, prove of interest to your readers. Thus far in the present school year there have been 244 pupils enrolled, the average attendance being 219. In 1888-9 the number enrolled was 245, average attendance 200, and the average attendance for 1887-8 was but 135. The number enrolled this year shows a small increase over that of the corresponding period of last year, while the average attendance is largely in excess of last year. This would indicate a growing interest in the school on the part of the pupils at least. Of those at present enrolled, a number are non-resident pupils, which goes to show that the school is well thought of by outsiders.

All the higher branches are taught, the academic department offering peculiar advantages to those wishing to fit themselves for college or as teachers. And right here, as an evidence of efficiency, allow me to say that five of last year's pupils are now successfully filling positions as teachers in the county. The school possesses a good library, open to pupils, and a full set of apparatus for instruction, including a fine microscope.

Had the said correspondent so wished he could easily have learned these facts. Such items can do no good and may be a serious detriment, not only to the pupils of the school, but the town as well. In this case the item was entirely uncalled for, as all the teachers, from Mr. Shero down are as good or better than the school could ever before boast of, and we have the authority of some of the best people in town for the assertion.

JUSTICE.

Smethport, Feby 2d, 1890.

Obituary.

The death of John Stull occurred at the residence of J. H. Stull of East Smethport on the 5th inst. The deceased was born in Steuben county N. Y., on Dec. 31st, 1804. Some years afterward the parents moved to Eldred, McKean county Pa., and settled in the village known as Stulltown adjacent to the latter place. Deceased, was married to Miss Phebe Windsor, Nov. 1830, by whom three boys and two girls surviving him, were born. Mr Stull eventually moved to Portville, N. Y., and followed the trade of carpenter and joiner, for many years in the above named places. After the death of his wife which occurred in Sept. 1883, Mr. Stull took up his residence with his son in East Smethport, where he lived up to the time of his death.

The funeral was held in Eldred, last Friday at 10.30 a. m.

Kind Words From Our Contemporaries.

The MINER celebrated its 28th birthday by enlarging to a nine column folio. This is a sign of prosperity, and as signs only fail in dry times, the MINER's prosperity is assured by a large majority.—*Eldred Eagle.*

The Smethport MINER has been enlarged to nine columns, and the Hon. L. Rogers has taken his son, the present 'local editor' into partnership. The MINER is a good paper, and this is because Rogers knows how to get up one.—*Mansfield Advertiser.*

The MCKEAN COUNTY MINER entered upon its twenty seventh year last Friday enlarged to a nine column paper. Its genial editor, Mr Lucius Rogers, has taken his son into partnership, and now we shall expect to see that sprightly journal boom right along faster than ever. It deserves to be found in every home in McKean county.—*Wellsboro Agitator.*

The MCKEAN COUNTY MINER has entered upon its 27th volume, and has been enlarged to a nine column paper. Mr. H. S. Rogers now has an interest in the business, and the new firm is known as L. Rogers & Son. The MINER is not only one of the best county papers in the state, but one of the most prosperous.—*Port Allegany Reporter.*

The MCKEAN MINER, published at Smethport, comes to us in an enlarged and vastly improved form. This has always been a model weekly but now excels its former self. Col. Rogers, long held a position in the State Capitol and is now Treasurer of McKean county and is exceptionally well qualified to "speak by the book" upon all political and historical matters. He has associated with himself in the publication of the MINER, his son, H. S. Rogers, a pleasant gentleman, and a thorough printer. We wish the new firm of L. Rogers & Son the success they merit.—*Du Bois Courier.*

The Smethport MINER of this week signalizes the commencement of its twenty-seventh year

agement it has steadily grown stronger and more influential.—*Bradford Star.*

No paper published within a radius of two hundred miles is more welcome and more eagerly looked for in this sanctum than the Smethport MINER, and there are two reasons why we like it, notwithstanding its radical political views. One is that it is an A No. 1 weekly paper, carefully edited, reliable and clean. The other is that much county information, neglected by our esteemed local contemporaries, is given weekly that makes it valuable to every resident. This week the MINER celebrates its twenty-seventh anniversary by enlarging the paper, and the brilliant young journalist, H. S. Rogers, has been taken in partnership and the firm name now reads L. Rogers & Son. The MINER and the new firm have our sincere wishes for many happy and prosperous years.—*Bradford Sunday News.*

Last week's issue of the Smethport MINER, No. 1 of Vol. 27, appeared enlarged to 36 long columns, making the paper nearly as large as the Mail. Editor Rogers also takes in as partner his son and local editor, H. S. Rogers, and from his announcement we learn that, the MINER is in a prosperous condition. We are glad to note this prosperity—serves 'em right, but cannot help thinking of the dark days of the MINER's early existence before the greasy rush of business boomed McKean county and Smethport, when we heard brother Rogers declaring that he had a notion to close the office and lock up type and press in his barn. But he didn't do it, and has made a plucky fight with the MINER which is now among the best weekly papers in the State. "So mote it be," and the Mail heartily wishes the new firm a long run of "good luck."—*Warren Mail.*

AROUND THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities As Related by Our Regular Correspondents.

BRADFORD.

The liverymen reaped a golden harvest last Sunday. The only good sleighing of the season boomed their business out of all proportions.

Morris Herron has placed an arc light in front of the Black Bear Hotel on Pine street, which lights up that thoroughfare from end to end.

Rev. M J Eccles, the new pastor of the Presbyterian Church arrived in the city last week and is now ministering to the spiritual wants of that congregation.

Owing to the continued ill health of Rev Dr. Huntington, Rev J T Edwards of the Chamberlain Institute, of Randolph, supplied the Methodist pulpit last Sunday.

The Catholic fair which was inaugurated at Orpheus Hall on Thursday evening of last week, is as every one predicted it would be a grand success in every particular.

Mrs. Katherine Coyne died at the residence of her daughter Mrs. Henry Nightengale on Washington street, last Friday aged 95 years. She was undoubtedly one of the oldest persons in this section.

The many friends of Jas H Conant in this city were pained to learn of his death, which occurred in Denver, Col., last Friday. Mr. Conant was formerly a producer in the field, and a member of the Oil Exchange. He removed west about four years ago.

J M McClure and H. H. North, Esqs. have formed a partnership for the practice of law, and have secured quarters in the new Masonic Temple. The well-known talent of these gentlemen is a guarantee that they will have a lucrative practice from the start.

Next Tuesday will be election day, on which occasion candidates for the various city offices will be voted for. It is the wish of every person who has the welfare of the city at heart that good men will be placed in office, who will look after the interests of the taxpayers.

There is talk of organizing a company in this city to manufacture artificial ice for next summer's consumption. The open winter, which threatens an ice famine, renders such a step necessary. But it is to be hoped that nature will yet come to our relief, and furnish us with all the ice we may need.

The barn that has been an eye-sore to the residents of Congress street for so long a time, adjoining Davis' market, has been sold and the purchaser has removed it to another part of the city. I understand that the Temple Clothing Co. contemplate erecting a handsome double brick residence on the vacant lot.

Ex-Sheriff Bannon has become very "Tony" since he became one of the editors of the *Fair Journal*, so much so that he now carries a gold headed cane for common. It is not every editor who can sport a gold headed cane, but I am sure the fraternity will not envy the genial ex-Sheriff for his good fortune.

Quite a number of the Main street business men have introduced in to their establishments Arc lamps and last Saturday evening electricity was turned on for the first time. The light produced by the Arc lamp is clear and powerful, and is about as close a rival of the noonday sun as the brain and hand of man can devise.

Ex-Senator Emery's address at the opening of the St. Bernard fair last Thursday evening was to the point, and was well received by the large audience present. Mr. Emery is an entertaining talker on any subject he undertakes to handle, and as a church historian he proved himself to be fully equal to the emergency.

The *Fair Journal*, the organ of the St. Bernard Fair, now in progress in this city, is a creditable appearing and well edited little paper, with A. H. Blemer as managing editor and J. A. Tertel and ex-Sheriff A. F. Bannon as associates. Each of the above named gentlemen are winning golden encomiums in their new field of labor, and I am happy to state that the *Fair Journal* is enjoying an immense circulation.

We have not had very much snow this winter but what little we have had demonstrated the fact that there are very few of our citizens in comparison who pay any heed to the ordinance in regard to cleaning the snow off their sidewalks. What are city ordinances passed for if they are not to be obeyed by the people? There certainly should be some means of compelling those who wilfully disobey city laws to comply with their provisions. There are too many who adhere to the country cross road village style of allowing the snow to accumulate on their walks, to the disgust of all who have to travel over them.

Mr. John P. Zane's communications to the city press are always entertaining, but his letter which appeared in the city papers of last Friday probably attracted wider attention than any of his previous efforts in that line. Mr. Zane, in plain, vigorous English pitched into some of city officials in a manner characteristic of that gentleman, and the array of figures he presents to back up his assertions will be very apt to open the eyes of the taxpayers as they were never opened before. If half of his charges are true, and at this writing they have not been publicly contradicted, they show gross mismanagement of our city affairs which call for reform, and the polls is the proper place to institute all needed reforms in municipal affairs.

One of Bradford's institutions is the Journal Oil Co., manufacturers of Gardner's Challenge Lubricant, one of the greatest boons to successful railroading ever put on the market. When this lubricant is used it is said that a journal will never heat, which is of vast importance in railroading, as well as in other departments of business where machinery is used. The inventor, and one of the active partners in the Journal Oil Co., is Mr. Chauncey W. Gardner, formerly superintendent of the Susquehanna Division of the Erie railroad, and for twelve years subsequent, until April 1889, when he resigned, chief train dispatcher in this city for the same company. Mr. Gardner's railroading career extended over a period of 25 years, and it was while he was following that avocation that he saw the need of an oil that would absolutely do away with hot journals and the attendant evils, hence his useful invention, which your correspondent hopes will make this genial gentleman a millionaire.

The "[illegible]" on Saturday, Grading was not well patronized.

J. T. Griffith will start the drill on the Munson farm in a few days.

Uncle Lem Davis would make an excellent burgess, if there was less Grady.

Carson, Morris & McNulty commenced drilling on the Peterson farm on Tuesday.

The Mountain Oil Co.'s No.'s 1 and 3 in the borough limits are both good wells.

The late rush to Sheffield has diminished the hotel receipts some in Kane for the past ten days.

Mrs. F Meese, who has been so seriously ill, is recovering under the care of Dr. E. O'N. Kane.

Mrs. M Greenmiro is at Mt. Jewett nursing Mrs. D. H. Huff, who has been quite sick for some time.

The new oil developements near Sheffield have received a black-eye in the shape of several dry holes.

Kane continues onward and upward with only two day's sleighing, and no scandal for over two weeks.

"Ben Hurr" of the *McKean Democrat*, has aspirations for High Constable and your humble correspondent for Justice of the Peace next year.

Any casual observer would infer from the tremendous rush at the furniture store of L. Davis & Son, that they had an advertisement in the MINER.

True emulation blended with the silver lining of a noble wife's devotion was brought to light in this place by the personal letter published in the MINER two ago.

Kane has quite a boom in Building and Loan Associations—three already organized and the fourth and fifth are taking applications for Security Associations, an improvement on the former ones.

St Valentine's day is near at hand and our store windows are filled with the latest designs and fashions in their familiar garb. The most novel is the pansy valentine, an artistic beauty in every particular and tells the whole story of love to the beautiful maidens of Kane, who are so very susceptible of being captivated.

Our borough election promises to be an exciting and spirited one. The water question seems to be the most absorbing topic and if either of the two prominent parties can vote the old rusty water plugs out of the gutter, where they have lain for years, they shall have done well to say nothing of a 20-mill, neglected street repairs, imported police, inadequate protection against fire. The bluff game is played. But gentlemen be happy while you can.

ELDRED.

H J Herrick of the Oswayo Valley *Mail*, was in town Monday.

Herb Rockwell is rejoicing over the arrival of a new boy at his house.

Miss Annie Seibert spent a few days in Coudersport the latter part of the week.

M Finnegan of Olean, was attending to business here the forepart of the week.

Miss Hattie Cook has departed for an extended visit among Titusville friends.

Dr. Reed of Bradford was shaking hands with old Eldred friends on Saturday.

A number of Smethport young people attended dancing shool here Tuesday evening.

Miss Maud Baldwin spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Jessie Canfield of Larrabee.

James Bernard, who has been confided to the house for the past five months, is again able to be out.

Miss Nora Archibald, who has been attending school at St. Benedict's Academy at Erie, returned home last Tuesday.

Spudding has begun on the Steel well. As Mr. Steel is a hustler, it will be but a few days before we know whether we will have oil within our borough limits.

Mrs. Lunn, who has been living with her daughter, Mrs. S. B. Sherwood, for some time, died Monday morning. Her remains were interred at Shingle House, her former home.

The Knights of Pythias lodge of this place is in a flourishing condition. Their number is increasing rapidly. It was instituted four months ago and now has a membership of fifty, composed of our best citizens.

[illegible]

Wm. Dutcher is laid up with an attack of the grip.

Miss Frankie Perry has been stopping in Smethport.

Miss Bertie Garlock is still suffering from la grippe.

Mrs. Joseph White and daughter Mrs. Robinson, are quite ill.

Mr J Fields of Clermont, was circulating in this place on Sunday.

Will Hafner and Ed Martin visited relatives at Mt. Alton last Saturday.

Mrs. Eliza Barnes, who has been quite feeble for some time, is convalescent.

Wonder what that young man did with his horse and buggy last Friday night?

Mr and Mrs. Andrew Ness of Smethport, spent Sunday here with Mrs. Hoffman.

Mrs. Lozott of Glenhazel, spent a few days with her parents in this place last week.

Misses Alida Foster and Della Hafner called on friends at Mt. Jewett last Saturday.

George Perry of Potato creek, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Perry, last Friday.

The dance held at D. Martin's last Friday was enjoyed by all who attended. Why don't you have another Ed?

[illegible]

Roberts Bro's sport a fine span of grays.

Gas jets are mighty low here these cold mornings.

A slight touch of sleighing caused business to boom.

Raymond & Lampher's livery is booming to its full capacity.

L. A. White has acquired an interest in the billiard parlors.

W. O. Roberts and family of Eldred, were in town Saturday.

O. P. Coon has rented the Judge Peabody farm and bought the stock thereon.

The enlarged and improved form of the MINER is seen and appreciated and may abundant success attend the new firm.

The grip has about left with only one fatal case, that of Mrs. J. W. Forley, who died of heart trouble accelerated by the influenza.

NORWICH.

Jesep Adler is the happy father of a new born son.

The W. C. T. U. is talking of giving a "spelling bee" in the near future.

The people here briskly improved and enjoyed the short run of sleighing this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Smith of Jamestown, N. Y., are visiting their neice, Mrs. C. A. Anderson.

Mrs. P. Creighton, Mrs. J. M. Crumble and J. Shafer are recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Rev. B. F. Weatherwax of Cortland, N. Y., who is assisting Rev. J. G. Hann in the revival meetings, which are being held in the Union Church, will remain here until the first of next week, and meetings will be held on every evening until further notice.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle.

This is considered folly, but it is an astounding fact that Speer's wines raised at Passaic, N. J., have acquired such a reputation for purity and excellence abroad, that they are shipped by steamers that leave New York for Europe. It is enjoying an enviable reputation at home and is used by the leading physicians in America, as well as in Europe.

—No better butter made than Cortland county creamery. Stickney, Bell & Co. have it.

—A fine line of crackers at Wilson's restaurant.

—Oysters at the Main street restaurant.

—The strength of a horse is equal to that of five men; that of an ass is equal to the strength of two men.

—Fresh oysters can be procured at Stull's, East Smethport, during the oyster season.

—Do not forget that Mr. J. P. Hoffman's offer of a fine colored picture with each dozen photos is for this month only.

—Apples and potatoes at lowest market rates, kept constantly on hand at J. H. Stull's, East Smethport, Pa.

—One horse-power will raise 10 tons per minute a height of 12 inches working 8 hours per day.

—If you have the blues walk into Mrs. Nash's store and take a look at the valentines. 2t.

—Mr. Hoffman is getting some fine enlargements in crayon and colors. Call at his new gallery on Union street and see them.

—The handsomest wall paper ever brought to Smethport can be seen at Specht & Sasse's Furniture rooms.

—Niagara's horse-power is 3¼ million nominal, equal to 10 million horse effective.

—At Mrs. T. D. Nash's can be found a very fine assortment of new and elegant valentines. 2t.

—The valentines displayed and for sale at the store of Mrs. T. D. Nash, are really beautiful and cheap. 2t.

—If you want pictures framed in the latest styles call at Specht and Sasse's Furniture rooms, Main Street, Smethport.

—The hawk flies 150 miles per hour, the eider duck 90, the rook 60, and the pigeon 50.

—No one now thinks of a domestic or foreign trip without a supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cts.

—Cortland county creamery butter can be found at J. H. Stull's meat market, East Smethport, Pa.

—Stickney, Bell & Co. have just received a stock of the Cortland county creamery butter that gave such excellent satisfaction last year.

—There are 700 light-houses in the United States, and 500 in Canada.

—"Peace in the family." You can enjoy a good night's rest and retain peace in the family by keeping Dr. Bull's baby syrup in the house.

—Families, jobbers and everybody can be supplied with fresh and salt meats promptly upon application at Stull's, East Smethport, Pa.

—J. P. Hoffman's new residence and gallery on Union street is an ornament to that locality. The gallery is on the ground floor and has a north side and sky light, which will be appreciated by knowing ones.

—It requires 50 pounds of candles to produce as much light as 1,000 cubic feet of gas.

—At once popular and efficacious it has "come to stay." We mean Laxador the "golden" specific for all malarial troubles. Price only 25 cents.

—There are over 120 India-rubber manufactures in the United States, employing 15,000 hands and producing annually 280,000 tons of goods vauled at $260,000,000.

—Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

—To the propietor of Salvation Oil.—
Thou hast built a living monument,
A cure for hurts with little money spent,
Salvation Oil, the greatest liniment!

—A cow's hide gives 35 pounds of leather, and a horse's 18 pounds.

—The rooms for students at the Clarion State Normal School are all furnished with carpet, bed and bedding, steam heat, light, large clothespress and everything that goes to make their life comfortable.

—Mr. J. P. Hoffman has at his new gallery on Union street, facilities for making a full length, life size picture. There is only one other place in the country where they can do this—at the government photo gallery in the National Museum building at Washington.

—An ordinary elephant produces 120 pounds of ivory, worth $800. England consumes 650 tons a year, for which it is necessary to kill 1,200 elephants.

—Itch, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong druggist, Smethport. 26 42 1y

THE unanimous assent consent and verdict of the people through this section of the country is that Dennis' Botanic Remedies are first-class. Everybody try them. If not satisfactory money refunded. Try the Liver Pills for Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick headache. They are sure cure. G. T. DENNIS. By H. L. McCOY, M. D.

FOR RENT.—Three stores for rent, on liberal terms. Apply to M. A. Lillibridge, Port Allegany.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. For all affections arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequalled. Be sure to get Hood's.

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to day for a free sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large size package 50 cents.

A Great Offer.

Everything in the photo line from a "Potato" to a full length life sized Portrait at Hoffman's new gallery on Union St. New backgrounds and accessories, ground floor, north light—the only proper light for portraiture. For thirty days I will present with each dozen photos a finely colored picture of your self in neat passepartout in hammered brass.

No one in the county is able to meet his offer.

Important Notice.

Attend to your health. It will save your wealth. Use Dennis' Panacea and Laxative Liver Pills, headache and catarrh snuff and superior cough syrup for any case of influenza whether of the head, throat or bronchial difficulty, and you can save your self from any attack or break up and cure any case of the "La Grippe" if taken in season, and instead of using so much quinine and whiskey, use Dennis' Vegetable Compound and a plenty of the Panacea internally and externally and the cure is sure.

G. T. DENNIS,
Proprietor and Manager,
Eldred, Pa. 1tf.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

C. O. Johnson

Has just opened his new liquor store at No. 68 State street, Olean, N. Y., where, he is always pleased to meet his friends. Orders by mail or express promptly attended to. Swedish punch a specialty.

[illegible] salt was a free perspiration, [illegible] and a radical cure.

—English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport. 26 41-1y

St. Valentines' Day, Feb'y 14, 1890.

VALENTINES!

In all the latest styles, at

Mrs. T. D. Nash's,

Embracing

The Comic, Sentimental and the Bautiful.

PRI CES THE VERY LOWE

Notice.

Julia E. McNulty, by her next friend John G. Goll, vs W. J. McNulty. } In Court of Common Pleas of McKean county. No. 86, Dec. term, 1889.

I have been appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, commissioner to take testimony on the part of the Libellant in above case, and will attend to the duties of my appointment at the office of W. E. Burdick, in Duke Centre, McKean County, Penn'a, on Thursday, the 20th day of February, 1890, between the hours of 9 o'clock, a. m. and 9 o'clock p. m. U. S. ROGERS, Commissioner.

January 23—3t

Auditor's Notice.

In the matter of the assignment of James J. Heath for the benefit of creditors. } In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County. No. 39, Feb'y term, 1889.

The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the court to distribute the balance in the hands of the assignee of the above estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Smethport, on Wednesday, February 19th, 1890, at one o'clock p. m., at which time and place all parties interested can present their claims or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

ROBERT H. ROSE, Auditor.

Jan. 28, 3w.

Notice.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADministrators having been settled in the office of the Register of the same, will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport in and for the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania on the fourth Monday of February, A. D. 1890.

First and partial account of Frank A. Newell Administrator of the estate of Ruby N. Kingsbury deceased.

First and final account of Dellie L. Curtis, Administrator of the estate of W. E. Curtis, deceased.

J. M. McELROY, Register

Smethport, Pa., Jan, 28, 1890.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 14, May Term, 1889.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting.

Whereas, Jennie C. Harvey by her next friend E. R. Sherman did, on the twenty-seventh day of Feb'y 1889, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Amasa A. Harvey.

We therefore command you, the said Amasa A. Harvey, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of said Jennie C Harvey and to show cause if any you have why the said Jennie C. Harvey your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. W. B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

W B & J R Chapman, Libellant's Attorney.

Jan. 28, 1890.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 239, October Term, 1889,

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania, to the sheriff of said county, greeting.

Whereas, Gertrude B. Spicer, by her next friend James E. Brown, did, on the twenty-second day of July 1889, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Delbert E. Spicer.

We therefore command you, the said Delbert E. Spicer that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the 4th Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of said Gertrude B. Spicer, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Gertrude B. Spicer, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. W. B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

C. J Curtis, Libellant's Attorney.

Jany. 28, 1890.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D No. 20, October Term, 1889.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Fannie I. Gleason by her next friend A. J. Clark, did, on the twenty-seventh day of May, 1889, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you George L. Gleason.

We therefore command you, the said George L. Gleason, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the 4th Monday of Feb. next, to answer the petition or libel of said Fannie I. Gleason, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Fannie I. Gleason your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. W. B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

C. J Curtis, Libellant's Attorney.

Jan. 28, 1890.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 280, October Term, 1889.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Minnie Clark by her next friend A. L. Hazleton did, on the third day of September 1889, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Elmer Clark.

We therefore command you, the said Elmer Clark that setting aside all other business, and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the 4th Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of said Minnie Clark and to show cause if any you have, why the said Minnie Clark your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. W. B. CLARKE, Sheriff.

C. J. Curtis, Libellant's Attorney.

Jan. 28, 1890.

FARM FOR SALE.—One mile north of Smethport. For particulars apply to
Oct. 30, 1889. C. W. FREEMAN.

For Rent.

A HOUSE in the western extremity of Main street. Apply at this office.

Auditor's Notice.

In re estate of Michael McElwee, deceased. } In the Orphans' Court of McKean County.

ORDER OF COURT.

And now January 30, 1890, on motion E. L. Keenan, Esq., appointed auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of the administrator as shown by the final account, the same having been confirmed absolutely.

PER CURIAM.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:
1890, January 30. From the record,

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that I will attend to the duties of the above appointment, at my office, in Smethport, Pa., On the 14th day of February, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m., where all parties interested may appear and be heard or be forever debarred from sharing in the distribution.

E. L. KEENAN, Auditor.

January 30, 1890.

Administratrix Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY having been issued to the subscriber, on the estate of Charles Strong, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all those having claims against the said estate will present them for settlement to

ELVRANTA W. [illegible], Administratrix.

Larrabee, Jan. 30, 1890.

FLOUR!

Well of course all grocers sell flour. Yes but we sell good flour, a large quantity of it, and sell it cheap. Three good reasons why you should buy of us. "An assertion unsupported by proof, [illegible] nothing," says Blackstone. Well, sir, to our mind, here is the [illegible]

First. In the past twelve months we have handled nearly [illegible] hundred barrels of these three grades under a positive guarantee to [illegible] satisfaction or to refund the money, and not a pound has been [illegible] or scarcely a complaint been made, something very unusual [illegible] troducing a new brand of flour.

Second. We are selling to-day:

Harvest Queen, a good, sweet, strong, family flour, $1.25 a sack, [illegible]
Snow Flake, an excellent straight white wheat flour, $1.40 a sack, [illegible]
Champion, an extra fine pastry flour, $1.50 a sack, $6.00 a barrel.
How does the proof strike you,

And in our entire grocery department we aim to sell the best [illegible] and keep a full assortment at reasonable prices.

In dried fruits we offer California apricots, French prunes, [illegible] cherries, rasberries, blackberries, New York State evaporated [illegible] seedless raisins, extra cleaned English currants.

In fancy groceries, are olives, California sage honey, potted [illegible] potted jams, French peas, kornlet, shredded pine apples, French [illegible] soups.

In cereals are Thurber's breakfast soup, shredded oats, [illegible] and corn meal

For the lenten season we have lobsters, French and American sardines, canned salmon, salmon steak, boneless cod, mackerel. [illegible] Lake Superior trout and whitefish in 10 lb., 20 lb., 40 lb. and 100 [illegible] packages.

Genuine maple syrup is a luxury and not very expensive.

Orange blossom biscuit are praised by every one.

Our 20 cent coffee, roasted, unground, is worth a trial if your coffee bill is too high. Momoja still leads for high grade coffee.

Our 25 cent fine cut tobacco is regarded as a bargain by many.

Our old reliable brands of canned corn and tomatoes at 10 cents a can, or $1.10 a dozen still leads all competitors. The trade want nothing better.

When your grocery stock is low may we sell you?

STICKNEY, BELL & CO.'S
EAST SMETHPORT.

FIRE! SMOKE! WATER!

W. W. BALL,

—GREAT—

Clothing, Boot and Shoe

ESTABLISHMENT,

OLEAN, N. Y.

Who has Just been partially damaged by smoke and water, will remove his twenty-five thousand dollar stock of goods to the Olean House Block, where a

∴ GREAT ∴ SALE ∴

Will commence on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, '90,

at nine o'clock in the morning, continuing until the entire stock is sold. It will be the GREATEST BARGAIN SALE in the State of New York.

People who are in need of Boots, Shoes and Clothing will regret it if they miss this great sale. The stock will all be

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Remember you are all going to buy these goods at 20 to 30 cents on the dollar.

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Having had occasion to make critical use of Stedman-Hutchinson's "Library of American Literature," I have found the selections embodied in the series admirably representative of the writers of each period. The very wide field covered by the publication has required general. The very wide field covered by the publication has required the best critical judgment in the choice of specimens, and that judgment is everywhere apparent.

Very Respectfully,
A. R. SPOFFORD,
Librarian of Congress.

BROWNELL BROS.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

Suspenders made by the SWANTON SUSPENDER CO. SWANTON VT.
KEEP YOUR PANTS ON with the GOOD SUSPENDER

announce to the people of Smethport and vicinity that their stock is now complete and embraces many

Novelties in Every Department,

Designed for the

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OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT is supplied with all the leading brands of Canned and Bottled Goods, including fruits, vegetables, meats, soups, etc.

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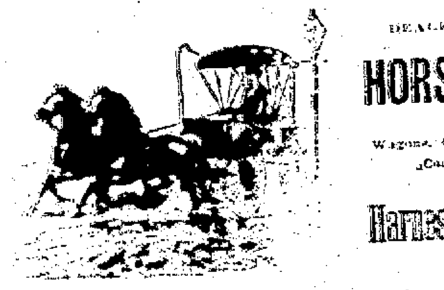

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FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES. Miss Eastman's Celebrated School.

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A MINER'S SUNDAY

A Memory Picture From "Way Back in the '50s."

PRENTICE MULFORD'S NOTE BOOK

The Miner's Morning Sabbath Thoughts—How He Adorned Himself—Where He Went—Sunday Devotions—More Fabor Than Praise—"Camp"—Camp Talk.

[Copyrighted, 1890, by the Author.]

IX.

THIS is the Sunday sun that streams through the cabin window and through the chinks of the cabin wall.

It is the same sunshine as that of the weekday. Yet as the miner wakes and realizes it is Sunday it has a different appearance, and conveys a different impression from that of the weekday sun. Everything seems more quiet, more restful, and even more staid and serious. There belongs to it and to the landscape as he looks out a flavor of far-away eastern Sabbath bells and Sunday morning's hush and longer family prayer than usual and Sunday school. But there is not a church bell within ten miles, and there never will be one heard on this flat. There is not the least approach to church society or religious organization or observance. There is not, so far as known, so much as a man in the least religiously inclined. We are a hard lot. No work on the claim today. The pick and shovel will rest where thrown Saturday afternoon, and only a trickle of yellowish water from the reservoir will seep through the long line of sluices instead of yesterday's muddy surge rushing through—sand, gravel, and grating pebble and bowlder.

But there is work of another sort to be done and a great deal of it. After breakfast, shaving. That small mirror of most imperfect glass, whose reflection distorts the features, screwing up one side of the face and enlarging the other in an unnatural fashion, is suitably adjusted. A smell of soap pervades the air. He lathers and shaves and relathers and reshaves with a tedious and painful precision, the while making faces at himself in the glass as he brings one portion of his countenance after another more directly under the sweep of the razor. In some cases he comes off with a few scratches or leaves a hirsute oasis here and there of uncut bristle. Black pantaloons, a white shirt, a felt or straw hat, a linen duster and the Sunday boots. This is his dandy outfit. In his pocket is a buckskin purse, once yellow, now faded to a dull gray, holding gold dust, a few ounces more or less, perhaps five, perhaps ten.

It is the company dust and is to be sold and turned into bright, yellow gold pieces. And why all this preparation? "To go to camp." Camp is three miles away over the mountain yonder. A group of ramshackle cabins, alternating with saloons, three grocery stores, a hotel, an express office and a justice of the peace, all in a hot gulch, with hillsides long ago swept of trees, scarred with cuts and streaked with patches of dry yellowish ledge. "Camp" to him has all the importance and interest of a great metropolis. It is the center of news. The stage passes through it on the way to a larger camp. Two boss gamblers reside there. There is a faro game on occasions, a billiard table with a mountainous sort of bed, where the balls roll as they please and after an eccentric fashion of their own.

The camp is for him the first nerve center of civilization and the only outlet to the great world which he has left. You, fresh from the great city, regard this dilapidated place as an out of the way corner; but to him, living on his remote flat, with but two cabins in sight for as many miles, camp is a place of importance.

He repairs first to the Magnolia. He has long in imagination seen it from afar. How cool is the big barroom. The landlord keeps the floor well wet down. That Magnolia floor is one of the few places where water, unmixed with other fluid, is useful and grateful. How comforting and soothing is the first drink. A long drink in a long tumbler, with plenty of ice, soda water and whisky. If heaven be anywhere as a material locality it is in that first cool drink after a three mile July tramp over the kiln dried hills and herbage of the California foothills. The Magnolia is the social heart center of camp.

There he finds the doctor. The doctor drinks with him. The doctor drinks with everybody. There, too, is the justice of the peace. The justice drinks with him. The justice holds his court at the Magnolia. The proprietor of the Magnolia is the camp constable, and between drinks during trial calls viva voce the witnesses in the case. The judge drinks with him. The judge generally drinks. The principal camp gambler is at the Magnolia. He takes a light drink. He is a wise man and knows the advantage and profit of keeping a cool head. The regular camp drunkard sits in the rear in one of the arm chairs back of the billiard table. He looks so humble, so respectful—and so dry, that our miner's heart moves to pity and he "asks him up." He complies, but not with undue haste. The traits of the era between 1865 and 1870. The camp drunkard had not then so "lost his grip" as to be unmindful of a certain [illegible] deliberation and dignity befitting [illegible] gentleman. But when he does arrive [illegible] the bar he takes a "four-fingered" drink.

They stand in a row at the bar. The barkeeper is mixing the "long" and the short drinks. Each man waits, says nothing and eyes every motion of the bartender. The silence is impressive. All is ready. Each glass is grasped and raised, and then from each to each, and more than all, from all to the drink donor, there is a nod, that incantatory phrase is uttered, "Well, here's luck," and the poison is down. As it rasps they call "Ahem!" with varied degrees of modulation. But this is a careful and prudent miner, and he now repairs to the store. There his dust is weighed, sold, and the week's provision ordered. His combined partners' "divvys" are put aside in a lump and safely stored. Now the weight is off his mind. He returns to the attractions of camp.

These are not numerous. There is the Magnolia, the Bella Union, the Court Exchange, the post and express office. There are the "boys." He learns the news of the county or district. The Mount Vernon is paying $4 per day. Long Shortman has gone on another spree and hasn't done any work for the last ten days. Jimmy McNeil has sent for his wife's sister. She is unmarried. Sullivan has had another row with his wife and she has complained to the authorities. Sam Geiney is going to run for county clerk on the Democratic ticket. Bob Delmano lost $500 at the game the other night. A San Francisco company have bought the Crary quick quartz lead and will put a ten-stamp mill on it. The schoolmaster was drunk last Friday night. Ford shot at McCullis the other night, but did not hit him. There is scandal and talk concerning the Frenchwoman who keeps the peanut stand, and the justice of the peace. The Wiley girls, two sisters, who have recently moved into camp, are making a sensation, and their small parlor at times won't hold the crowd of semi-bald and unconsciously middle aged miners and others who are calling on them with possible matrimony in prospective.

They may pass along the street about the middle of the afternoon, and such "rigging out" was never seen before in this camp. The curious have investigated the tracks made by their little gaiters in the red dust of the upper road, and report them the smallest feet ever seen in this section. Billy Davies, of the Blue-jay claim, is thought to have the best show with the eldest, and Goldberry, of the livery stable, with the youngest. No. He won't let his best horse and buggy to anybody now, and takes her out riding three times a week. But they're snappy and uncertain, and nobody can count on them for a certainty. So runs the week's news, which he picks up with sundry drinks.

He enjoys the luxury of a hotel dinner—a dinner he is not obliged to prepare with his own hands—a decidedly plain dinner in metropolitan estimation, but to him, commencing with soup and ending with pie, a sumptuous repast. It is moonlight, and he takes his way back by the old trail home. Old not in years, but in association. It is but the track of twenty years or so, yet for him how old is it in thought. How many, many times he has traveled over it.

That poker game is going on in one corner of the Magnolia. The "hard case" from over the hill is trying to beat it. He has been so trying every Sunday night in that same saloon and in that same corner for the last twenty years. He has grown old in trying. It has kept him poor, yet he thinks he can play poker. He is encouraged in this impression by a considerate few. He works for them. They "scoop him in" regularly. He will go home to-morrow morning, and during the week wash out a couple of ounces more for the benefit of "Scotty" and "Texas."

It is 11 o'clock and time to go home. That three mile walk is before him; he has taken as many drinks as is prudent, possibly one or two more. The camp saloon revelries are beginning to quiet down. Most of the prominent drunks have fallen in the cause. The chronic drunk of the camp is talking at the bar. But he will thus talk all night; he never stops talking—or drinking. He has been more or less drunk ever since 1852. He is phenomenal and not a standard for ordinary intemperates. Almost every camp has known such a drunkard. Some are alive yet. They are of the immortal few not born to die. It would be madness to compete with such.

So he sets out on his lonely walk. Of how much has he thought while plodding over it. Here the same big buckeye brushes against his face as it did in the "spring of '50," when he was twenty years younger and had a sweetheart in the "States," whose memory was fresh and warm. It has all died out since. The letters became less and less, the years more and more, and then all came to a dead standstill, and he received the village paper, and there, appropriately below the column of deaths, he read of her marriage, whereat he went to camp and plunged wildly into all the concert saloon could give, and made things howl and boldly challenged the chromo poker game and won.

The trail turns suddenly. It has run over the rocks by the river, its trail at times for many feet almost illegible, a vague, smoothly worn streak over ledge and loose bowlders, polished and strewn with new white sand and pebbles by some unusually high freshet. But here the shelving bank suddenly ceases. It becomes a precipice. Up the hard worn path in the red earth he climbs forty, fifty, sixty feet. It is closely hedged with chemisal. Now he emerges near the brow of the high, rocky bluff. In all its moonlit glory surges, bubbles and roars the river below. Its yellow muddiness of the day is now changed to a dark shade of brown, with tremulous silver bars. Night and the moon are the artists.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

CHARLES CARROLL COLBY.

The Latest Addition to the Canadian Cabinet—A Sketch of His Life.

To attain the distinction of becoming a cabinet minister of the Dominion government—a distinction accorded to only a dozen of its five million people—necessitates in the aspirant rare qualities and sterling merit. The latest addition to cabinet advisers, Charles Carroll Colby, member of parliament for Stanstead, Quebec, is no exception to this rule.

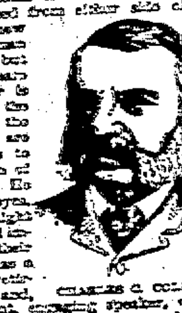
Mr. Colby is not a native Canadian, but was born in Vermont, whence he went to Stanstead at the age of 5, where he has since resided. His father represented Stanstead in the Lower Canada assembly until the rebellion of 1837. The son inherited his father's faculty and fire of expression. The boy was sent to Dartmouth college, and after graduating, in 1857, he spent four or five years on his father's farm. He afterwards owned a farm of a thousand acres, which he managed himself.

Mr. Colby practiced law for ten years, and participated in many important local enterprises. In 1858 he married Miss Harriet Child, of Waybridge, Vt.

Mr. Colby's parliamentary career has been a notable one. He has never known what it is to be defeated in a popular election, and for twenty-three years his constituency in Stanstead county has kept his name as its representative in parliament. Not alone has the new minister invariably carried his own elections, but every candidate in any other contest whom he has supported has also been elected. This wonderful record extends back to 1852, a period of nearly forty years.

He was elected by a majority of 151 in 1867, with Sir A. T. Galt. He was strongly anti-confederate, and from that day has retained the confidence of the picturesque county by the shores of Lake Memphremagog.

In 1887 Mr. Colby became first deputy speaker of the house of commons, no objection being raised from either side of the house. The new member is a man 60 years of age, but he bears his years well. His hair is iron gray, and the whiskers of the same color are trimmed so as to be an extension of the mustache. He has dark full eyes, which look straight into yours, and impress you with their candor. He has a modest and retiring manner, and, though a fluent, engaging speaker, with a most effective style of oratory, and thoroughly versed in parliamentary tactics, his voice is rarely heard in debate. When he does speak, therefore, he at once receives the undivided attention of the members, and his words are listened to with marked respect. His speeches leave the impression that he may be, perhaps, somewhat over cautious, but stamp him as a discerning, enlightened and sagacious public man.



CHARLES C. COLBY.

Mr. Colby has written a work entitled "Parliamentary Government in Canada," a simple and correct description of the Dominion form of government, which has been used as a text book in Harvard university.

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to call on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

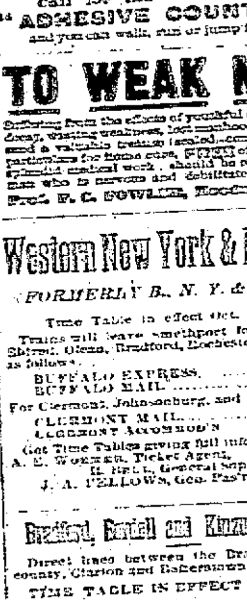
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

NO MORE OF THIS!



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offer a shoe with the inside of the heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the Rubber from slipping off.

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"ADHESIVE COUNTERS"

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Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

Western New York & Pa. R. R.

(FORMERLY B., N. Y. & P. R. R.)

Time Table in effect Oct. 20, 1889.

Trains will leave Smethport for Larabee's, [illegible], Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

BUFFALO EXPRESS .... 9:15 A. M.
BUFFALO MAIL .... [illegible] P. M.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, and points south:

CLERMONT MAIL .... 7:12 A. M.
CLERMONT ACCOMMOD'N .... [illegible] P. M.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. E. WORKMAN, Ticket Agent.

E. BELL, General Sup't.
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass'r. & T'k't. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

Direct lines between the Bradford and Elk county, Clarion and [illegible] oil fields.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT DEC. 1, 1889.

WESTWARD p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	STATIONS	EASTWARD a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	ar. Bradford lv.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Kinzua Jc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Rew City	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Rixford	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Duke Centre	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Eldred	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
			B. B. & C. R. R.			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ceres	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Little Genesee	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Lv. Bolivar Ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Allentown	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	lv. Wellsville ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	ar. Bradford lv	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Kinzua Junct'n	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Aiken	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Davis	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Simpson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ormsby	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Smethport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Mt. Jewett	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Kane	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

JNO. C. McKENNA, Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 10, 1889.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION

EASTWARD.

8:10 a. m.—Day Express, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 p. m., New York 9:35 p. m., Baltimore 6:45 p. m., Washington 8:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport to Philadelphia.

8:15 p. m.—Erie Mail daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster Phila., New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 a. m., New York 9:30 a. m., Baltimore 6:45 a. m., Washington 7:20 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington and through passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

10:10 a. m.—Erie Mail daily for Erie and all intermediate stations with through Pullman Palace car and through passenger coaches to Erie.

7:15 p. m.—Niagara Express, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations with through passenger coaches to Kane.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Niagara Express leaves Washington 8:10 a. m., Philadelphia 8:50 a. m., Baltimore 9:00 a. m. daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Junction 7:13 p. m. with through Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:50 p. m., Baltimore 11:20 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium Junct. 10:00 a. m., with through Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, June 30, 1889.

AR. EASTW'D P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	L'V WESTW'D A.M.	P.M.
[illegible]	[illegible]	Coudersport	8.03	5.00
[illegible]	[illegible]	Hammonds	8.05	5.04
[illegible]	[illegible]	Fish Basket	8.07	5.03
[illegible]	[illegible]	Olmsted	8.13	5.12
[illegible]	[illegible]	Nelsons	8.17	5.17
[illegible]	[illegible]	Knowlton	8.21	5.20
[illegible]	[illegible]	Roulette	8.26	5.25
[illegible]	[illegible]	Pomeroy Bridge	8.31	5.31
[illegible]	[illegible]	Burtville	8.40	5.40
[illegible]	[illegible]	Coleman	8.45	5.42
[illegible]	[illegible]	Port Allegany	[illegible]	[illegible]

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

FIRST CLASS

BLACKSMITHING!

The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Granger, on Mechanic street, near Gilbert's saw-mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing, including

HORSESHOEING.

Satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures

SLEIGHS

for Lumbering Purposes, with Patent Brake if desired.

Can Cure All Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs.

CHAS. W. [illegible].

Smethport, Aug. 6th, 1889.

PROF. [illegible]—Six and seven pieces. [illegible] balls and private parties in a satisfactory manner. Terms reasonable. Address, Prof. [illegible], Smethport, Pa.

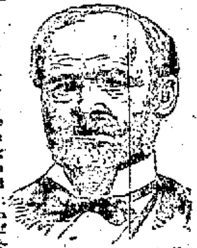
CAREERS OF PUBLIC MEN.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN OLDER AND YOUNGER POLITICIANS.

General and John Sherman—Springer, of Illinois—Blanche K. Bruce, the Colored Statesman—Brookshire, of Indiana; Magner, of New York, and Other Members.

Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman completed his seventieth year on the 8th of February, and one may say that the fire of his eye is not dimmed and that his natural force is not greatly abated. He was born Feb. 8, 1820, and his brother John, May 10, 1823—both at Lancaster, O. In 1821 their father, Charles R. Sherman, was appointed a judge of the supreme court of Ohio and served in that capacity till his death, in 1829. Contrary to the usual rule, local gossip has nothing to tell of any act in young "Cump's" career which showed the future great general. Quite the contrary, in fact. The first impression was that the boy would be a quite professional man, and the highest place hoped for by his friends for him was that of a successful engineer.

The death of the father left the family in straitened circumstances, and the boys were soon scattered, Tecumseh being reared by the Hon. Thomas Ewing, who, in 1836, secured his appointment to West Point. There the future general was even less perceptible than at home, and after thirteen years' varied service in the regular army he had got no higher than captain in the commissary department, and so resigned Sept. 6, 1853. But this was the period in which fortune was doing more for him than the wisest could have anticipated; for his service in various sections of the south, in California and elsewhere had made him acquainted with the right men and gained him a knowledge of the country which was in due time of immense value.

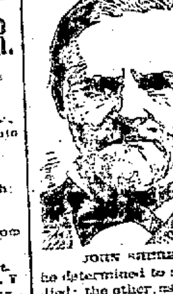


GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

It now seems very strange that Gen. Sherman should have been a state officer of Louisiana, at the head of her military school, when the state seceded, and that many of his closest personal friends should have been Confederates; yet so it was, and his case was but one of many thousands who had to wrench asunder the most pleasant ties and "go with their states." Stranger still, it was not till the 14th of May, 1861, that the government ventured to commission him. He started in the war as colonel of the Thirteenth regular infantry. Since the death of Sheridan he is the sole survivor of those who attained the highest commands, and long may he live to enjoy the honor.

His brother John attained fame much earlier, and has been a public man for thirty-five years. He and William A. Howard, of Michigan, were the two Republican members, as Mordecai Oliver was the Democratic member, of the celebrated congressional committee sent to "investigate" Kansas in 1856. These facts have already caused the public to partially forget the invaluable service he rendered to the national finances during the middle era of his career—let us say from 1862 to 1881; yet it is as a great financier that he must take rank in history.

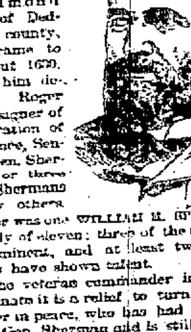
By equally misleading circumstances he has acquired the reputation of being "cold," "lacking in magnetism," etc. His domestic life is really a very affectionate one, as proved by the truest of all tests—the children love him. He and Mrs. Sherman had no children. They had often talked of adopting a child, and being one day at an orphan asylum, two little girls, daughters of a poor Swiss immigrant, showed so much fondness for Senator Sherman that he determined to adopt both. One of them died; the other, as Miss Mary Sherman, grew up to be a very pretty young lady, and is the very apple of her adopted parents' eyes.



JOHN SHERMAN.

Long before this he had shown the warmer side of his nature by taking his mother and sisters to his home as soon as he had earned money enough to make a home. The sisters were married at his house, and the mother made it her home till death. His devotion to his brother, the general, is known to all—still it is Shermanesque in its manner of working. In those dark periods when Tecumseh was savagely denounced as "Crazy Bill" late in 1861, and as something worse in April and May, 1865, many wondered that John did not rush openly and noisily to the defense. He was remarkably still. But it was observed in due time that the right word had been spoken to the right person and at the right time, and the general was officially all right again. To borrow a sly politician's phrase, the senator might well have said that he did not "hunt ducks with a brass band."

Something occasionally occurs to remind the people that there are a great many Shermans in the United States, and that most of of them are of the same original stock, and a very good stock. Edmond Sherman, of Dedham, Essex county, England, came to Boston about 1630, and from him descended Roger Sherman, signer of the Declaration of Independence, Senator and Gen. Sherman, two or three Judge Shermans and many others.



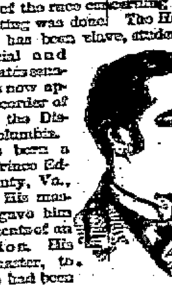
WILLIAM M. SPRINGER.

The senator was one of a family of eleven; three of the sons have become eminent, and at least two of the daughters have shown talent.

From the veteran commander in the field and the senate it is a relief to turn to a veteran leader in peace, who has had as many battles as Gen. Sherman and is still fighting—all civil battles, however. The reference is to the gentleman whom "two Illinois folks" affectionately call "Bill" Springer. He was born in 1836 in Sullivan county, Ind., a county which often gave 1,200 Democratic majority in a total of some 4,000 votes. The young Springer became thoroughly inoculated and has been fighting the battles of his party ever since he was of age. His family moved to Jacksonville, Ills., when he was but 12 years old. He educated himself against great obstacles, was admitted to the bar in 1859 and ran for the legislature the same year. After various political successes and defeats he was in 1874 elected to congress from the Twelfth Illinois district and has held the place ever since. His most notable congressional success was in an amendment granting a million and a half dollars to the Centennial commission and afterwards recovering the amount for the government by taking the case to the supreme court. His recent set-to with Speaker Reed is in line with pugnacious methods in legislation. He is a hard fighter.

Along with these sketches of the warriors, civil and military, of the past thirty years, it is well to present a sketch of one of the finest specimens of the race concerning which most of the fighting was done. The Hon. Blanche K. Bruce has been slave, student, planter, state official and United States senator, and is now appointed recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia.

He was born a slave in Prince Edward county, Va., in 1841. His master's son gave him the rudiments of an education. His young master, to whom he had been given, went into the Confederate army and Bruce drifted to Hannibal, Mo., and thence to Oberlin, O., where he was educated.



BLANCHE K. BRUCE.

After the war he became a planter in Mississippi. There he was chosen sergeant-at-arms of the legislature, then a member of the Mississippi levee board, sheriff of Bolivar county, county superintendent of education, and lastly was sent to the United States senate, where he took his seat on March 4, 1875, when but 34 years of age.

After the expiration of his term Senator Bruce became register of the United States treasury, which office he held till 1885. Since that time he has been in the lecture field. He is a very polite man, and made hosts of friends while he was register of the treasury.

Still more is it a relief to turn away from war times and find abundant proof that the [illegible] of the far past, in the [illegible] of new men coming to the front. In the house of representatives at Washington are a round dozen of members who were in the primary class at school when the war began, and three times as many too young to know much about it. Magner, of New York, was born in 1860; Dolliver, of Iowa, in 1858; Shively, of Indiana, Fowler, of New Jersey, and Cheatham, of North Carolina, in 1857; and a whole platoon of members between 1852 and 1856.

Indiana's men are phenomenally young. Brookshire, of the Eighth district, was born in 1856, right in the middle of that extremely heated campaign, and so it will not occasion surprise that his christian name is Elijah Voorhees. Bynum and Owen were born in 1846, Martin in 1847 and Shively in 1857. It is a familiar charge against the south that she "goes away back" for representatives—at any rate to the war; but look at Louisiana's delegation. Wilkinson was born in 1847, Blanchard and Boatner in 1849, Robertson in 1852 and Price in 1854—all too late to assume any responsibility for the war era. Virginia has four members born since 1850, West Virginia two, Arkansas one, Kentucky one, Maryland two, Missouri two and New York seven. In short, there is no need to worry lest the boys born too late for the war should not get a chance.

C. B. SMITH.

Among the new men is one who came in rather suddenly—the Hon. C. B. Smith, of the Fourth district of West Virginia. The contest of Smith vs. Jackson was the occasion of the hot fight over Speaker Reed's rulings, and no sooner was it decided than the new man was sworn in. He has his reputation yet to make, but the contest preceding his admission makes him a man of national interest.

Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.

When Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian church, in Brooklyn, announced to his congregation that he intended to retire from the pulpit, expressions of regret were heard on all sides.

Dr. Cuyler assumed the pastorate of the church nearly thirty years ago. In fact he has set the first day of April, which will mark the end of his thirtieth year in the pulpit, as the date of his retirement.

DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

When he stepped into its pulpit for the first time the church had but 140 members. It now has 2,350 members, and is the third Presbyterian church in size in the United States. It maintains two mission chapels, has 1,650 pupils in its Sunday schools and pays salaries to three clergymen in Brooklyn and to two missionaries in the south.

Theodore Ledyard Cuyler was born at Aurora, Cayuga county, N. Y., on Jan. 10, 1822. He graduated from the College of New Jersey in 1841 and the Princeton Theological seminary in 1846. For three years he supplied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church of Burlington, N. J., and in 1849 became pastor of the Third Presbyterian church in Trenton. He went to New York in 1853, as pastor of the Market Street Reformed church, and in 1860 assumed his present charge, over which he has been the only pastor.

The Supreme Court Centennial.

The centennial celebration of the organization of the supreme court of the United States, which took place in New York city recently, was doubtless the most dignified of all the centennial meetings occurring in the present epoch. There has, indeed, probably never in the history of the United States been so large a gathering of the distinguished jurists of the country. On the stage of the Metropolitan opera house, where the celebration was held, sat many of the greatest lawyers and judges of the nation, and the banquet which followed in the evening was an occasion never to be forgotten by the participants.

THE SCENE ON THE STAGE.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

New Picture of a Member of a Famous Family.

When the present Cornelius Vanderbilt was born, in 1843, at New Dorp, S. I., the commodore, his grandfather, for whom he was named, was not a very rich man, and his father, William H. Vanderbilt, was poor. The young Cornelius was not sent to college, as he doubtless would have been had he been born twenty years later, but was set to work as a bank clerk. He was a steady young man and a church member, having from his youth been a worker in the Episcopal denomination. At 23 he was made treasurer of the New York and Harlem railroad. When the commodore died he left his namesake $5,000,000.

Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1877 became first vice president of the New York Central road, and when in 1883 his father resigned the presidency the son became chairman of the New York Central and Michigan Central systems. When William H. died he left the bulk of his property to his sons, Cornelius and William K., who together or separately came to be among half a dozen millionaires who are the richest in the world.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has especially proved himself worthy of his good fortune. He is an active worker in a business way, in the church and in charities. He has given away millions as other men give thousands or hundreds. One of his pets is the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in Central Park, New York, within whose walls are being accumulated many of the celebrated paintings of the world, and Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," which the museum possesses, was presented by him. It is said that he is connected officially with fifteen church and charitable organizations.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.
[From Once a Week's engraving of the painting by Frank Holl, R. A.]

Mr. Vanderbilt's city residence is on Fifth avenue, on the fashionable Murray Hill. It has come to be a noisy place of late years, for Fifth avenue is now a great thoroughfare with its Belgian stone pavement and innumerable vehicles. But he only lives there during the winter season. His summer home is at Newport. There he possesses a beautiful place which he occupies during the summer with his wife and his sons and daughters when he is not yachting or traveling abroad.

Walt Whitman.

It must not be denied that Walt Whitman has given to the world some genuine poetry, but the quantity is small, especially when we compare it with his many attempts at soaring. He has written as much poetry as William Wordsworth, and fully as much childish nonsense. He has never sustained a lofty and continuous flight, but it seems that when he takes wing all sorts of bats and monstrous productions of a loathsome atmosphere obstruct his passage, and he moves away on a current of mystical vacuity. Discuss it and dwell upon it as we may, no scholar will ever uphold mystery as genius. It is only an indication of weakness and exhaustion. But Walt Whitman, as a peculiar and disjointed creator, takes a place in our literature that he will certainly retain.—Hugh Farrar McDermott.

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